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ABOUT VALENTINES.



ON a certain morning in this month of February, when Paterfamilias descends to his early *déjeûner* before repairing to the City at 9 A.M., he will probably miss something from his breakfast-table. It will not be the hot rolls, which have just arrived crisp and smoking from the baker's round the corner. It will not be the broiled ham, which asserts its presence with a fragrant odour—nor the eggs, nor the toast, nor the coffee, nor the muffins—no, nor yet the 'Times' newspaper, which will lie there, aired and ready for his perusal. What, then, will be wanting? Let us venture a guess, when he says to Jane (who is bringing in the family urn), 'No letters this

morning?' and Jane answers, 'Please, sir, the letters is not come yet.'

Whereupon Paterfamilias will say, 'Bless my heart! Not yet! Now I wonder what makes the post so late this morning!' And Jane, with that charming dissimulation characteristic of her sex, may reply that she is sure she can't tell, and that 'it have been later sometimes,' or words to that effect.

But Master Charlie, whose infantile sagacity no accident escapes—who always knows all about It, and is ready to tell us, as soon as the domestic has left the room exclaims—

'I know why the post is late, pa, and so does Jane: only she won't say so. Didn't you see how red she got when you asked her? Why, it's Valentine's Day to-day, and the postman has ever so many valentines to

carry.* And I've sent one to Jawkins major, who licked me so last half; and Peg has sent one to I know who—don't I, Peg?—and cook has sent one, I'm sure, for I saw it on the dresser the other day—such a stunner!—a great red heart tied up with blue ribbons, and an arrow sticking in it on one side! and—'

'Pooh, pooh! nonsense!' exclaims Paterfamilias, a little nettled at the postal delay. 'Foolish custom. What's the day of the month? Fourteenth? Ah! yes, to be sure; so it is. *Very* foolish custom. Never heard of such a thing when I was a young m—' (sentence interrupted by a dissyllabic rap at the street door). 'Ah! there it is at last!' And then there will probably be a slight scuffling in the lobby; and, if the breakfast-room door is open, we shall hear, 'Tuppence to pay on this, please!' or, 'Lor! Mr. Postman, ain't you got none for me?' &c., &c., with other badinage between that functionary and Jane, who wears, by-the-way, the most saucy, coquetish little caps you ever saw.

This little scene in domestic life may happen, I say, before many days are over, though I fear the feast of St. Valentine is not observed so uniformly as it was some twenty years ago. Do you not remember, O Lector dilectissime! your youthful feelings on that auspicious morn? How much of the previous week had you spent in composing those wonderful stanzas in honour of Miss Jones—stanzas in which we may be sure that 'eyes' and 'prize,' 'voice' and 'choice,' 'delight' and 'bright,' 'smile' and 'wile,' occurred in their appropriate places! Or if your feeble muse were tardy in her inspirations, was there not that charming copy of Moore's Sonnets (bound in green morocco) to consult? How many acrostics could you have written on the names of Fanny, Alice, and Matilda, if they had not unfortunately contained an unequal number of letters, and thus imperilled the symmetry of your verse? Had you the least smattering of the limner's art, you straightway sought to embellish

* On Feb. 14th, 1856, 618,000 letters passed through the Post Office,

your 'Bath post' with floral decoration—illuminated initial letters with such skill that nothing but the context explained their meaning. Or, failing that accomplishment, what could not money purchase in the way of valentines? There was your eighteenpenny valentine, with a garland of forget-me-nots around a pink heart transfixed in the usual manner (observe that the feathered dart always passes through the cardiac region in an oblique direction, and comes out neatly on the other side): there was your half-crown valentine, in which roses were plentifully introduced, whose shrub leaves, when lifted up, disclosed in turn words embodying some such sentiment as

'Be—To—Me—For—Ever—True,
And—I—Will—Be—The—Same—To—You.'

There was your five-shilling valentine, which included a lyric and amatory poem printed in gilt letters, and a huge dahlia with a cotton calyx designed in bold defiance of Linneus, inasmuch as it lifted up into a kind of young landing-net, disclosing through its meshes a gentleman in a painfully blue coat and canary-coloured waistcoat sitting with the object of his affections in an arbour of trellis-work, under the immediate surveillance of a little winged infant, who hovered above the pair, with nothing on but a bow and arrow. There was your ten-shilling valentine, which comprised all these conceits, in addition to the luxury of embossed paper lace, and an envelope to match. And, finally, there was your guinea valentine, which reached a point of splendour unequalled in the annals of stationery, was kept in a little box by itself, deliciously perfumed, and only shown to select customers. Further than this, we supposed, epistolary magnificence could not be carried. There was a rumour, indeed, once at our school that one of the upper boys had a relative who had heard somewhere in India of there being such a thing as a two-guinea valentine. But the notion was scouted as absurd, and one which could have only resulted from a morbid tendency to Oriental fiction.

What mystery hung over these gorgeous documents! what wilful perversion of calligraphy appeared in the direction on the envelope! Young ladies who usually wrote the genteeldest, most attenuated hand, adopted a free and flowing style of penmanship (an old quill pen, held at right angles to the paper, is admirable for this purpose) in order to preserve their incognito; and love-sick but diffident youths imitated their sisters' writing with the same object in view. On the other hand, the recipients of this correspondence were so *very* knowing. Dick was as certain as he stood there that it was one of those Miss Larkingtons who had ventured to satirize him—he knew her *i's* well enough (and capital *I's* they were, too!); while Bessie vowed vengeance on her cousin Tom for presuming to address her in a lover's strain. Ah! the fuss there was on that eventful morning, when the whole household had valentines all round, from our great-aunt Tabitha down to the domestic Buttons! With regard to the former epistle, it was committed to the flames as soon as opened, but, from private information received, I have reason to suppose that it contained a brilliantly-coloured picture representing a lady well stricken in years in black mittens and green spectacles, attended by a parrot, a lap-dog, and a monkey. The disposition of my ancient relative being very austere, and unpleasantly associated, among the younger members of the family, with the back-board and 'Mangnall's Questions,' was, if I recollect rightly, set forth in the following terse and caustic epigram:—

'The Rose is red—the Violet, blue:
This mark's a cross X, and so are you.'

As a rule, your pasquinades were sent without a postage stamp to insure the additional annoyance of a twopenny disbursement—a consideration in my Aunt Tab's case, who seldom drew back the rings from that long, grim, steel purse of hers, unless she was absolutely obliged.

For those young ladies whose

frocks had just been allowed to sweep the ground, and no longer dined at one o'clock, Mr. Postman brought dove-coloured, gilt-edged, scented billets of a tender character. I remember a famous quadrilateral valentine which was despatched some twenty summers since to a Certain Person at that period eight years older than myself, but whom (having since changed her name, and become the mother of four children) I find, by her own reckoning, to be now the same age as her quondam admirer. In addition to an exquisitely-*inted* group in the centre of my letter, there were four couplets round the border, which, for point, simplicity, and depth of sentiment, it appeared to me, after looking over two or three hundred at Magnum and Bonum's Great Stationery Warehouse before breakfast, were unequalled. They ran as follows:—

'What can I say or send to prove
To thee my constancy and love?'

At the first reading, I confess, I found some difficulty in adapting my pronunciation so as to suit the rhyme; for if the word 'prove' was read as usual, would it not follow that the tender passion must be called loove? On the other hand, admitting the modern sound of 'love' to be correct, could I reconcile it with Walker's Dictionary and my own conscience to say *prév*? Having no doubt, however, that a Certain Person (whose accomplishments were undoubted) would get over the difficulty, I read over with rapture the concluding lines, which ran round three sides of the picture:—

'Or how shall I On this the day
Of Love my love For thee display?'

(This sentence was perhaps a little involved, owing to the author's profound contempt for punctuation and liberal use of capital letters.) It went on:—

'Can Pen or Ink or Paper show
My fixed and Pure affection? NO!!!'

I remember thinking that 'NO' particularly telling. The heart must have been, indeed, of adamant (as I tell Her now) that could have re-

sisted its influence. The whole wound up neatly with—

'Yet This may give some Proof to thee,
'And speak in Silent love for Me'

Will it be believed that, in spite of this declaration, M—r—y Br—wn, who must have been perfectly well aware who her correspondent was (for had I not posted the letter in our own street?)—will it be believed, I say, that M—r—y Br—wn within six months from that date actually became Mrs. Sm—th, and now positively laughs whenever I allude to the circumstance? If that is not enough to make any reasonable man misogynist—. But I am digressing.

The history of St. Valentine, the patron saint of lovers, is wrapped in obscurity. He appears to have been a priest at Rome, and martyred there in the year 270. Butler, in his 'Lives of the Saints,' mentions that it was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honour of their goddess Februa Juno on the 15th of February, in exchange for which usages certain Roman Catholic pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given the day before, viz., on the 14th of February. I wonder whether the young gentlemen who had just assumed the toga virilis approved the change of fashion—whether they cheerfully transferred their devotions from Lesbia and Mysis to the reliquary? I think there are some favoured saints on earth at whose fair shrine some votaries are always worshipping. We canonize them while they live among us—we bring rich and precious gifts of time and hope and energies to lay before their feet—supplicate them on bended knee, or through the penny post—build castles in the air for their acceptance. It is idolatry, if you will, but how old, how venerable a superstition! More ancient than Juggernaut or Vishnu, its rites began with human life, and will last, I suppose, as long as the world itself. We are never too young or too old to fall in love. That little mortal there in flowing robes jumping and crowing on its mother's arms shall have a sweet-

heart ere she leaves off pinafores; and Master Tommy, running with his hoop to school, may cherish, for aught we know, a secret passion for his little partner in the last Twelfth-night quadrille. For my part, I confess to have been profoundly jealous at the age of ten, and have buttoned a round jacket stoutly over a heart which beat for charmers of the same, and even twice that tender age.

Although the afore-mentioned Roman gentlemen may have ceased, after embracing their new faith, to pay homage on Valentine's Day to the objects of their affections, it is certain that later Christians resumed the practice. Misson, a learned traveller who died in England early in the last century, thus alludes to the fashion in his time:—

'On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's Day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together; each writes their true, or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots,* the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man *which* (sic) she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him' (this I presume might depend on the taste of the gentleman and relative merits of the ladies) 'than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, and wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love.' (You don't say so, M. Misson!)

Another species of flirtation was due to the accidental meeting of any two young people at an early hour in the day, who thenceforth became each other's valentines. Gay refers to this custom in the following lines:—

'I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;

* It is curious to notice how this drawing of valentines coincides with the old pagan ceremony alluded to above.

A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
Thence first I spied, and the first swain we saw,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.'

Probably the German 'Vielliebchen' game had its origin in a similar tradition. But in this case the lovers crack nuts until they find a double kernel, of which each takes half; and on meeting the next morning, whichever remembers first to say, 'Guten morgen, Vielliebchen!' has the right of exacting from the other a forfeit, which (as of course the gentleman is always gallant enough to lose) generally takes the form of a handsome present to the lady.

And this reminds me that the valentine of former days generally afforded a more substantial proof of regard than the degenerate epistle of modern times. Mr. Pepys records in his 'Diary' that on the 22nd of February, 1661, his wife went to Sir W. Batten's, 'and there sat a while,' he having the day before sent to her 'half a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters for her valentines.' On the saint's anniversary, six years later, the same worthy remarks:—

'This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to her valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.*: but,' adds honest Samuel with a logic which must sound most reasonable to every British matron's ear, '*but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.*' There is a model husband for you! Let Brown and Jones, and other gentlemen who have entered on the nuptial state remember that in place of billets-doux another little note may be acceptable to mesdames the partners of their choice, on the 14th inst., or indeed at any period of the year.

Mr. Pepys, further on, noticing Mrs. Stuart's jewels, says: 'The Duke of York, being once her valentine, did give her a jewel of about 30*l.*; and my Lord Mandeville, her

valentine this year, a ring of about 30*l.*' Is it not a pity, ladies all, that so good, so excellent a custom should have fallen into disuse? The postman's knock who brought such gifts as these—wouldn't it be worth listening for? and can't you imagine that you would then share some of the rapture with which poor Betty opens her sixpenny valentine?

As it is, not only are these magnificent souvenirs omitted, but the tender correspondence itself is chiefly confined to the kitchen or the nursery. In short, by the upper ten thousand Valentine's Day is neither celebrated in the spirit nor in the letter. It is characteristic of the age that the observance of these little festivals, the only semblance of a holiday which poor work-a-day England has, is on the wane. What is Whit Monday now compared with the days when Greenwich Fair was a recognized institution? Who eats pancakes on Shrove Tuesday or roast lamb at Easter? Where are the sooty votaries of spring who used to caper round the pole on Mayday? I look back calmly, after a lapse of twenty years, and find the flowers are fewer, the dresses seedier, the shouts less cheery with the sweeps than ever. As for Guy Fawkes, I am always expecting some champion will rise up for him as a maligned and injured individual, concerning whom history has no more informed us of the truth than the knock-knee'd, cross-eyed, straw-stuffed, gouty-fingered effigy of the present day conveys the idea of a really handsome and intellectual young foreigner. Twelfth-night and (alas for the family doctor!) twelfth-cakes will soon be numbered among things that were. That famous sheet containing portraits of the King and Queen, Sir Peter Prig, Lady Lovesick, Mr. Marmaduke Meddlesome, and other celebrated characters—why is it no longer exhibited in the windows of confectioners? I know some cynics who even look on Christmas from the same point of view; affect to despise the *idols* of the season, sneer at the hollyberries, refuse plum-pudding, and would throw cold water on the flaming snapdragons. These are

the red republicans of social life, who, being too slow, or selfish, or *blasé* to take pleasure in traditional customs themselves, would like to see 'others reduced to the same level; who, because in their own eyes they 'are virtuous,' wish the rest of the world cut off from 'cakes and ale.' I know no more insufferable bores, for instance, than those used-up men on town, who, at a theatre or public entertainment, ridicule aloud some passage in a speech or dramatic situation, comic or sentimental, in the hearing of women or children whom it moves to laughter or to tears. I say women and children, because, being simpler in their tastes and coming less frequently to such scenes, they are more susceptible of emotion; but there are a few of us grown up to man's estate, with beards upon our chins, who still retain freshness enough to be touched by a bit of sentiment; who smile at jokes not over-brilliant on the stage. For my part, in a theatre, I like to believe in the life which is portrayed beyond the footlights; I detest the villain with yellow boots and scowling aspect; I espouse the cause of the rightful heir, whom I recognize as a nobleman, in spite of his tattered habiliments and woful disregard of the letter H. As for dear Virtue over there in plain book-muslin and an azure sash, we know that she will be triumphant in the end—at least to-night and for our audience. So, prithee, too sophisticated Mr. Lounger, hold thy peace, and let an honest party like your humble servant enjoy himself while he can.

I suppose as London tastes and fashions of a former age existed long before they reached the provinces, so queer old English customs lingered in the rural districts when clean forgotten in the capital. There are men now living who recollect the ancient superstitious ceremony of firing round the apple-tree at Christmas in order to insure a goodly crop for the ensuing year; and I have heard the village mummers' sports in Devonshire described by an eyewitness. In the matter of valentines, it would seem that Norfolk is the county which is most faithful to

the memory of that saint. Hone, in his 'Every-day Book,' tells us that, independent of the homage paid to St. Valentine on this day at Lynn, it is in other respects a red-letter day amongst all classes of its inhabitants, being the commencement of its grand annual mart. This mart was granted by a charter of Henry VIII., in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, 'to begin on the day next after the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and to continue six days next following' (though now it is generally prolonged to a fortnight). Since the alteration of the style in 1752, it has been proclaimed on Valentine's Day. 'About noon the mayor and corporation (bless them!), preceded by a band of music, and attended by twelve decrepit old men, called from their dress "Red Coats," walk in procession to proclaim the mart, concluding by opening the antiquated and almost obsolete court of "Pie-poudre." Like most establishments of this nature, it is no longer attended for the purpose it was first granted, business having yielded to pleasure and amusement.'

Down to the present time, in the rural districts of the same county, it is customary with the youthful Corydons to leave love-letters at the threshold of their sweethearts' homes on Valentine's Eve. Sometimes an apple or an orange comes trundling in to which the precious missive is attached; sometimes the rustic billet is left upon the doorstep. The latter practice has given rise to a cruel hoax often perpetrated on the village belles by the boys of the place, who first chalk the likeness of a letter on the stone outside, and then rap loudly at the door. The damsels rush out to pick up the letter, and are greeted by derisive shouts from their tormentors.

The most fatal symptom of the decline and fall of valentines in modern time is the burlesque or sarcastic tone they have of late assumed. In former days it was the God of Love we honoured; it was the fleet-winged Paphian boy who hovered round us while we wrote, who inspired those charming sonnets, who whispered pretty epithets

and synonyms and nonsense in our ear. No one would *then* have dreamt of being severe on the 14th of February. Who first began the graceless change? What ill-conditioned wight was it who taught us first to substitute lampoons for love-letters—who linned those odious libels on humanity, now so popular in our shop windows? Our gentle Eros is deposed, and restless, pale Invidia reigns instead as mistress of the ceremonies. She points *her* arrows with a poisoned barb, and paints her enemies in penny colours. She has her caricatures for age and youth, for both the sexes, for all professions. Is there a dandy hair-dresser, a luckless sweep, a youth who measures ribbons in a draper's shop—all one by one fall victims to her spleen. In our cheap valentines the honest attributes of trade or calling are subject to the keenest irony. The doctor is represented as a quack; the parson as a hypocrite; the lawyer as a thief. I see the washerwoman drinking gin; the tailor stealing cloth; the policeman sneaking down an area. I have before me now a pictorial satire casting the most outrageous imputations on the character of a milkman. That individual is represented as staggering between two pails of lacteal produce to that extent that his legs diverge below the knee at an angle of forty-five degrees. His expression is perhaps the most diabolical that, out of a pantomime, I have ever seen—his nose assuming as much of the character of a note of interrogation as is consistent with the dignity of human feature. He is attired in a brown tail-coat, a blue apron, and Prussian green trousers. A brick-red tint is slopped over an enormous neckerchief, and the same colour, diluted, is made to do duty for his complexion. He wears a hard, shiny hat, and grasps his milk-pails with burnt sienna hands.

The following caustic epigram is subscribed:—

'New milk, my pretty maids, you cry,
With chalk and water, to cheat you try;
And then in measure, you do stint,
With your red nose, and ugly squint.

Your likeness here I send to you,
Knock-kneed, and bandy-legged too;
I won't have you, with pail and yoke,
I tell you plain, and that's no joke.'

No joke, indeed, Mr. Author! or at best a very feeble one. You can't sneer away an honest dairyman's reputation like this. Portray society in certain colours, and every one looks absurd. Your honour himself, sketched in bottle-green trousers, with a face like the knave of spades, might be a like subject for ridicule.

The Volunteers occasionally come under the lash of this cheap satirist. Of course, the essence of his fun consists in representing them as cowards. Here is an example: Two members of a certain corps are seen staggering homewards—the effects of intemperance being indicated by lines and dots on their respective noses. On the road they encounter a mysterious object, which the artist, in his crafty attempt to represent a tree-trunk which might be mistaken for a demon, has made with a great blot of sepia, which *could* never look like anything but a sepia blot. The riflemen (who, to do them justice, seem excessively drunk) stand aghast at this phenomenon, as well they may. Our poet then descants upon the scene in the following elegant language:

'The noble Rifle Volunteers, all the girls admire,
But there's something else, beside the dress,
that all us girls desire;
But that is not the strut and bounce, we look
on that as much—
What is a Rifle Volunteer unless he has got
pluck?
You ought to know, Sir, if you don't the meaning
of the rifles,
Is not to hang fire at anything, or yet to be
scar'd at trifles;
But to be frightened at a tree, a mere fantastic
stump,
I take you for a Valentine? you cure,* you
guy,* you pump!*

Comment on this effusion would be superfluous. A remarkable feature in the style of penny valentines is the strict adherence to the costume in vogue some thirty years ago. We have the swallow-tailed blue coat, with its high-rolled collar

* A playful allusion to popular chaff or the day.

and short waist, the close-fitting pantaloons tightly strapped down over high-heeled boots—the odious stock and collars, resembling scalene triangles, the figured waistcoat, paste brooch stuck in the shirt-front, and the hair dressed à la Byron. It is also indispensable that the pocket-handkerchief should hang out from the tail coat, and that the head of the ‘party’ caricatured should be at least twice the proportionate size. Primary colours appear to be chiefly used in decorating these works; but there is certainly a natural bias in the artist’s mind towards green for comic trousers; blue or brown may be very well for the sentimental business, but in the funny or sarcastic valentine, trousers must be green. Bold and effective as the painting is, I am led to believe that a little more care in distributing the colour would be an improvement. It is not pleasant to see the flesh-tints encroaching on the shirt-front, and the ruddy bloom of health producing (by a sudden slip of the brush) the appearance of ecchymosis in the eye. Again, bluchers should appear as bluchers, and not be allowed to amalgamate with mother earth; and, I say, keep generally within the engraving line when you can do it for the money. If I might make bold to offer one more suggestion to the artists of the penny valentine, it would be to moderate their love of humour in regard to warts. I don’t say I object to warts altogether—one on the nose, for instance, with a few, a *very* few, hairs proceeding from it, may often be effectively introduced. But they overdo it; and, drawn to the (relative) size of nutmegs, warts are not pleasant objects to look upon; and I am convinced will injure the valentine market if persisted in. Such, in fact, was the opinion expressed to me the other day by Mrs. Spinks, of Tottenware Road, who supplies me with note-paper (superfine cream-laid at 6d. per quire), Rowney’s F. pencils, occasional sticks of sealing-wax, and some peculiar steel pens which are neither too hard nor too soft, nor too long, nor too short, nor too pointed, nor too blunt, but just the

thing in all these respects, and were never known to splutter. And Mrs. Spinks, observing my interest in her penny valentines, says, with a slight blush (Mr. S., I should premise, has been deceased some years, and was formerly something small in the tobaccoist way; but being, unfortunately, too much of an enthusiast in his profession, and beginning with Maryland and Pickwicks, worked up to Honeydew, and smoked himself off, as you may say, quite gradual, in Mrs. Spinks’s own words, three year ago come Toosday week); Mrs. S., I say, seeing me take mental notes of her stock in hand, asks whether I wouldn’t please to see something more genteel in the same way, and forthwith produces a drawerful of the chastest articles you ever saw, perfumed, to suit variety in public taste, with many odours, ranging from faint patchouli to stale tobacco. One of the most elegant in the sentimental line was on lace-bordered note-paper (butterfly, pine-apple, and garden-worm pattern), in which a white enamelled Cupid appeared with wings picked out in silver amid a network of balusters, tassels, escallop-shells, seaweed, and monster tulips. At the top was a pink heart, pierced in opposite directions by a gilt arrow and a latch-key: a *gilt* flame issued from the heart. In the centre of the sheet was a blue dictionary in isometrical perspective, on the cover of which was depicted a church of an early and primitive style of architecture, executed in rose-coloured stone—lower portion of edifice enveloped in a lavender-tinted cloud, out of which arose two opera bouquets and a torch. The words HOPE and LOVE also appeared mystically inscribed on blue ribbon. I inquired the price.

‘Well, they usually run about eighteenpence, but there’s some poetry inside this, which makes it one and nine, sir,’ said Mrs. Spinks, turning back the cover of the little volume, and then, at my request, she read the following lines, with great pathos:—

‘O speak not thus of diadims,
Of rubies bright, or costly gems!

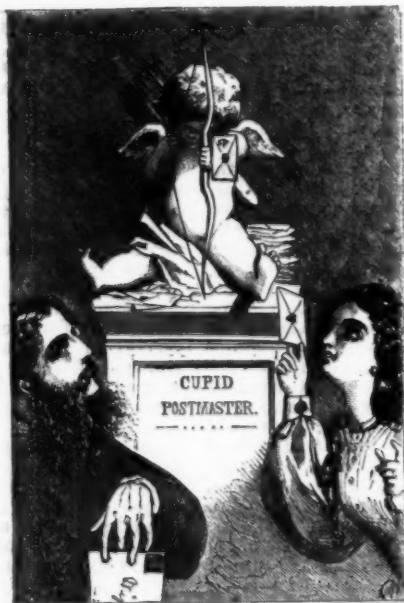
Diamonds may be rich and rare,
 Pearls of priceless worth be fair,
 But, if there be a gem on earth
 Of matchless hue—of greater worth—
 A peerless prize—though worn by few,
 It is, indeed, the 'Art that's true.

'Bring the Toolip and the Rose,
 Where each tinted beauty glows—
 Let the storm-cloud fling a shade,
 Rose and Toolip—both will fade;
 But Ho! a flower there may be found
 When Mist and Darkness close around,
 A angel's own fair counterpart—
 It is, IT IS—a faith-flart.'

Just at this moment, I am happy to say, a customer came in for three-pennyworth of blotting-paper and a bottle of blue ink. So, making my bow to Mrs. S., I seized the opportunity to decamp, having reached that time of life when gentlemen usually take some other means of making a declaration to their be-

loved than through the medium of valentines. Just as coats alter considerably in cut between the ages of fourteen and forty—as taste for ginger beer gives place to love of claret—as histrionic ardour yields to just appreciation of one's own fire-side—so love-making in our school-days is no criterion for love-making in middle life. I left Mrs. Spinks's establishment without making any purchase with reference to the 14th of February. If she likes to charge me at the rate of twopence an hour for the privilege of reading what I have quoted, she is at liberty to do so; and I shall pay it without a murmur if I can bring myself to hope that the result of my research has conduced to the amusement of 'London Society.'

C. L. E.



WHY THE BISHOP GAVE THOMPSON A LIVING.

IT was July. Not such a July, forsooth, as the one we last year experienced, wherein rude Boreas blew with true forty-Christmas power, and Jupiter Pluvius, or, as he is vulgarly called, the Clerk at the Weather-office, went off to see the International Exhibition, and left the key in the tap of the water-butt, and thus gave those two mischievous and facetious chaps, Mercury and Momus, the opportunity of turning on the cock, and treating us poor mortals here below to the supply of several years' rain-water in one. The July I speak of was quite of a different character. The clerk was at his post in the Weather-office, and somewhat short of water, I should imagine; for even that moist saint, St. Swithin, his day, had passed and gone, and yet the sky was clear blue above, and the ground brown and parched below. In town the heat was unbearable, at least unbearable to those who were obliged to bear it, and who, for their sins and misfortunes, were compelled to remain amidst dust and smoke, instead of breathing the fine country air or the salt sea-breeze. It was my unhappy fate, for what sin I do not know, save the sin of poverty, which, it strikes me, is in these days the only unforgiven one—it was my unhappy fate to be amongst the number of those who still trod the Sahara-like streets, and breathed the Hole-of-Calcutta-like atmosphere of the great metropolis during this hot July weather. The remittance, long expected, which would enable me to leave town had only that morning arrived, and its dimensions were of so slender a character, that, even with the greatest care and economy, it would barely enable me to take a short spell in the country like the rest of the world. I sat listlessly in my arm-chair smoking the pipe of meditation, and endeavouring, by the assistance of the fumes of the best Bristol birds'-eye, to solve in my own mind this problem, which it is my firm belief would have stumped old Euclid himself, had he lived till

now, viz.: Given a sum barely sufficient to keep body and soul together for a fortnight; how is it to maintain a man fond of comfort and plenty for a month?

I thought of all the cheap places for spending the hot summer weather in I had ever heard of; but they were, alas! all too dear for my modest means. A fortnight, at the outside, at any one of them, though I should lodge like a hermit and live like an anchorite, would, I felt sure, see the small sum which my purse contained reduced to its last shilling. What was to be done? The matter stood thus: To go out of town, impossible—to remain where I was, also impossible. Two negatives make an affirmative, I thought: why, then, should not two impossibles make a possible? But I could make nothing of it, so I gave the matter up at last in despair, consoling myself by muttering, sulkily enough, I must own, the commencement of old Horace's ode—

*'Æquam memento rebus in arduis servare
mentem.'*

At length I took up the 'Field' newspaper, thinking that, at any rate, as I could not enjoy those outdoor sports in which my heart delighted, I might at least solace myself in my affliction by reading an account of how others had enjoyed them in the columns of that sporting journal, and thus pour some oil of comfort on the troubled waters of my agitated soul. I had hardly read to the end of the first sheet, when my eye caught the following advertisement:—

'H——shire.—Lodgings, with board if preferred, in a farm-house, suitable for a single gentleman, can be had on extremely moderate terms, either by the week or month. Capital fishing close at hand. For terms, and further particulars, apply to X. Y. Z., &c. &c.

Why, here is the very thing, I thought, for a poverty-stricken gentleman. Fine pure country air, fresh butter, thick cream, new-laid eggs, home-made bread, home-brewed beer

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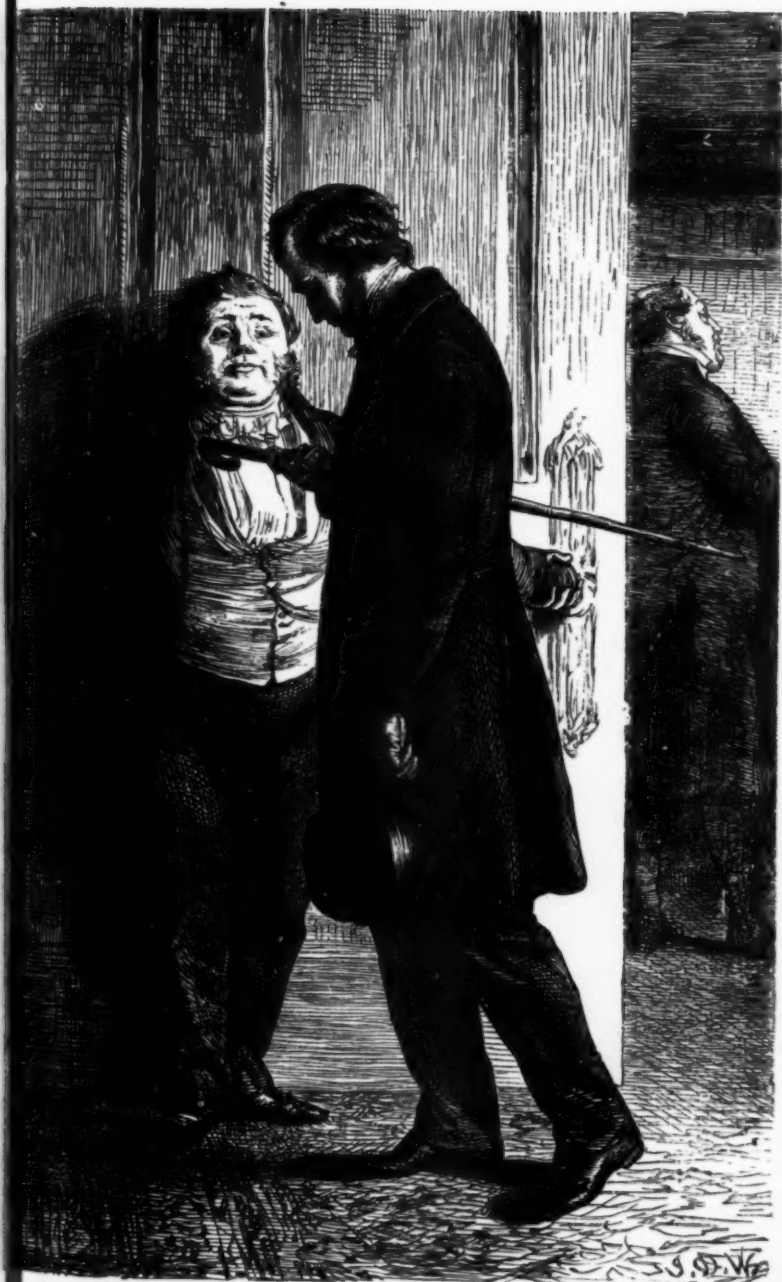
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J. B. Watson.

STREET DOWNS



Drawn by J. D. Watson.

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and cider—how very delightful!—and, to crown all, capital fishing—all to be had on moderate, very moderate terms. ‘Hurrah!’ I shouted, as, waving my paper over my head, I sat down at the writing-table, and there and then indited an epistle to the worthy X. Y. Z., asking for further information, and the exact amount of the current coin of the realm for which he might be induced to exchange his apartments, cream, eggs, home-brewed and baked, fishing, &c. &c., during the term of one month. This done, and the letter despatched to the post-office, I lighted a fresh pipe, and, reclining in my arm-chair, sank into a most delightful reverie. A stout farmer, his buxom wife, cherry-cheeked daughter, new-mown hay, lowing herds, fat pigs, and sleek horses formed a prominent part. And then the fishing. I had all my life been passionately devoted to the gentle art. As a schoolboy, my fondness for the fishing-rod had often been the means of procuring for me a severe application of another and less agreeable kind of rod. At college, many were the scrapes I had fallen into with irate dons, obdurate proctors, and vigilant gamekeepers, whilst following this my favourite pastime. And since I had plunged into the whirlpool of the rough world, and had had to battle with its stream for myself, many had been the pleasant holidays which I had spent by the side of some murmuring stream abounding with trout, or on the bosom of some placid lake alive with fish of every description. For the next few days my whole attention was devoted to flies, fishing-rods, landing-nets, and fishing gear of every description; whilst my nights were spent in doing battle in my sleep with imaginary gigantic finny monsters of the trouty tribe, which monsters invariably came off the hook just before I was about to land them, after most terrific encounters, or else turned into some horrid reptile, like the stone frog and other pleasant antediluvian creatures to be met with at the Crystal Palace. At length on the third day an answer arrived from X. Y. Z., written in a sort of leg-of-mutton fist, and with-

out much regard either to spelling or grammar, but withal to the point, informing me of the exact sum which he wished to receive for my board and lodgings, as well as for the privilege—what rapture to the piscatorial soul!—of fishing for several miles in a stream well stocked with what honest X. Y. Z. most graphically described as ‘whopping trout.’ The terms exactly suited the very attenuated state of my purse; so I wrote a hasty line to X. Y. Z., telling him I should follow my letter down on the next day but one after, and therefore he must prepare to receive me.

It would be uninteresting for me to state how frantically, for want of something better to do, I set to work to pack and unpack all my fishing paraphernalia, at least six times, before the day of my departure arrived, each time adding to my store some article which I found I had omitted, and without which, in the wilds of H—shire, I should have been utterly lost. One time it was my landing-net, at another my spare tops, and another something else; but on the last morning, at the very moment I was stepping into my cab, it was my fly-book, which I fortunately remembered was still lying on the dressing-table in my bed-room, where I had laid it to insure its not being forgotten. At length I was fairly on my way, rolling as fast as a Hansom could carry me to the Paddington terminus. I was only just in time, owing to the *contretemps* of the fly-book. But I hold that to be just in time shows a great mind; whilst to be much too soon, or at all too late, is but weak and foolish. I took my seat in a first-class carriage of that most aristocratic and luxurious railway, the Great Western, and was immediately afterwards steaming pleasantly and smoothly along, past the glades of royal Windsor, by the shades of classic Eton, through the Thames-bound Reading, and so on, until with a violent wrench, a jerk, a scream, a whistle, and other movements and noises, peculiar to the stopping of an express train, we pulled up at refreshment-giving Swindon. From thence I fell asleep, and did not awake until we were flying past those lovely orchards,

those charming village-churches, and mansion-houses embosomed amidst woods of stately oaks, for which the county of H—— is remarkable. The H—— station was at length reached, and, on alighting from the train, I found a most curious-looking vehicle, sent with thoughtful care by my future landlord, awaiting me. This conveyance was so peculiar in its construction, that words fail me in attempting to describe it. It was a cross between a dog-cart and an inside car, with a touch of the canal boat about it. When you got in behind, the shafts rose up in such an alarming manner—for it had only two wheels—that your only chance of retaining your seat was by practising that peculiar gymnastic feat yeleft ‘holding on by your eyelashes.’ If, on the other hand, you attempted to locate your august person on the front seat, you gradually commenced a sliding scale, until you found yourself seated on the foot-board of the machine, with your legs dangling in graceful *négligé* over the splash-board. I confess that a feeling of reluctance to trust Cæsar and his fortunes to such a mode of locomotion came over me on my first beholding this unique carriage, drawn up amidst some rather gay equipages at the H—— station. But ‘*necessitas non habet leges*,’ or, as we used to say at school, ‘necessity hath not legs;’ so, when I found it was eight miles to the abode of X. Y. Z., I was fain to have my luggage put in the inside behind, and to ascend myself to the seat in front by the side of the driver.

We must have passed through a lovely county, for all H—— shire, to my mind, is beautiful; but the scenery was lost upon me, for my whole attention, thoughts, and energies were required to prevent myself from slipping to the bottom of the gig; and so, to avoid presenting to the passers-by the ludicrous appearance which, as I have before stated, would be the result of an unguarded attempt to occupy the front seat.

At length I arrived at my destination, the farm-house of X. Y. Z. I was received by that illustrious individual with all the hospitality be-

coming one who not only let out apartments, but boarded his lodgers to boot. My rooms were comfortable, and very clean, therefore I felt myself well enough off; though perhaps, had I been previously consulted on the subject, I should have preferred that my bed-room had not been made the receptacle during the past winter of all the apples, cheese, and onions of X. Y. Z.’s establishment; and that my sitting-room had not been the repository of the wool, hops, harness, and other dry goods which that worthy farmer’s wife had occasion to stow away. My only reason for objecting to these arrangements was, that the combined smell of all these matters during that hot July weather was apt to be somewhat overpowering. But I am naturally a contented creature, and therefore retired to my bed, after a substantial supper, made up of farm-house delicacies, washed down by some excellent cyder—at peace with myself, my lot, and all the world. On arising in the morning, I was rejoiced to find that a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed, not, as the song says, a hunting, but a fishing morning. During breakfast my heart was further rejoiced by a heavy shower of rain, which I felt sure would make the whopping trout, spoken of by X. Y. Z. in his letter, most voraciously hungry, and consequently they would fall an easier prey to my somewhat unskilful manipulation with my fly-rod.

Having been informed by X. Y. Z. that ‘I could not very well go wrong, if I followed the course of the stream, and that no one would interrupt me, as no one thereabouts cared much for fishing, without it was the parson, who was a dead hand, and might be out after the rain,’ I shouldered my fishing-rod, and made for the bottom of the meadow, where the overhanging willows, alders, and other water-loving trees, told me the river flowed. I toiled hard all the morning, whipping the stream with the most persevering energy, but, alas! with more force than skill; my mode of operation being more calculated probably to frighten out of their propriety, rather than cajole the scaly monsters of the deep. On

rounding a corner, I suddenly came upon a tall, clerical-looking individual, clothed in a suit of dark grey, whose appearance, as well as the skilful manner in which he handled his fishing-tool, bespoke at once that 'dead hand, the parson,' who, as my landlord had prognosticated, had been tempted forth by the delightful shower which had fallen to fill a creel full of fish.

'A new hat to a red herring, the Parson!' I mentally exclaimed, as I came up with the fisherman, who was at that moment engaged in the most exciting part of a severe struggle with a fine trout, which, on being brought to basket, proved to be more than four pounds in weight. So intent was the stranger on the sport, that it was not until the fish was landed, and I exclaimed, rapturously, 'By Jove, a fine fish!' that he turned round, and displayed to my astonished gaze the well-remembered features of my old school and college chum, Thompson of Trinity. It was at least twenty years since Thompson and I had parted at the gates of old Trinity, Cambridge; he to take possession of the curacy of Starvington, to which he had been just ordained; myself, to eat my way to legal honours at the Temple.

'Why, bless me! you are Thompson, of Trinity, are you not?' I exclaimed. 'Who would have thought of seeing you here? Why, my dear fellow, you have worn, I must say, uncommonly well, though, of course, you are necessarily looking older than when we last saw one another, some twenty years ago, at the gate of old Trinity.'

A polite bow from Thompson, who looked somewhat embarrassed, but who at length stammered out—

'Ah, my dear, sir, really—but you must excuse me. I have no doubt it's all right; but which of all my numerous Cambridge friends are you?'

Here was a regular facer. The impudence of the thing!—Thompson, my senior by at least four years, pretending not to know me! Could I be so altered? Could I have grown so much older?—so much stouter?—more the family man than

my old chum? I knew Thompson had been long married, and had probably ten children by this time; whilst I was at least—so I fondly flattered myself—a gay, still tolerably young-looking bachelor. I answered, I must own, rather snappishly—

'Come, Thompson, you do not mean to say you do not remember me? No humbug—you are only pretending: you were always fond of a joke.'

'Upon my word, my dear sir, you have the advantage of me in every respect. I certainly now remember your face as that of an old friend; but who you are I have no more idea than has that fish,' pointing to the trout, which was flapping and kicking on the grass at his feet. 'But, let me see—you are Snooks, of Jesus, are you not?'

Well, that was worse and worse. Snooks, of Jesus, was a fat, short, vulgar-looking fellow, who had most probably long since perished, on account of the shortness of his neck and his undisciplined partiality for good dinners; whilst I was five feet eleven inches in my boots, and, had always flattered myself, rather aristocratic-looking. I got quite angry at this hit of Thompson's, and felt my face flush as I replied—

'Confound your impudence!—Snooks, of Jesus, indeed! I am Inkdish, of Trinity. Now do you know me?'

'I beg your pardon!' said Thompson, a bright smile lighting up his hitherto perplexed and bewildered face—'Why! my dear old friend, Inkdish! I am delighted to see you, and quite ashamed of myself that I did not recognize you before. But you really are very much altered from what I remember you at Cambridge.'

A hearty shake of the hand followed, and we sat down by the stream-side whilst we discussed the several luncheons which, like old campaigners, we had provided ourselves with. The pipe of peace was then smoked, during which operation I gave my friend a brief sketch of what I had been doing since we last parted, now so many years ago; finishing up my narrative with an

account of what had brought me down to my present quarters.

'So old X. Y. Z. has caught you with his advertisement. Well, I am delighted to hear it,' said Thompson. 'He is a very good old fellow, and my churchwarden. He will take splendid care of you, and do for you right well. I put him up to the plan of advertising his vacant rooms. You are all right down there, my friend, and you will find the fishing capital. I have not at present,' he continued, 'a room to spare at the rectory, for all my children, and there are eight of them, are at home; but you must dine with me every day whilst you are down here. There is the rectory,' pointing to what seemed a comfortable-looking house, embosomed in trees, at a little distance from where we were. 'I will now go home and tell them you are coming to dinner; and you shall have this fish,' picking up the trout he had last caught, 'as your share of my morning's sport. I can see by its fine condition that it will eat like a salmon. Good-bye. Now, sharp seven dinner—mind don't be late. We shall have a long chat after dinner about old times.' So saying, my worthy friend Thompson strolled away.

Punctual to a moment, at ten minutes before seven I found myself ringing at the door of my friend's house, which old X. Y. Z., to whom I had narrated my meeting with the parson as an old friend, had informed me was called the Rector of Fattington-in-the-Clover. And truly, I thought, 'Fattington-in-the-Clover is a very desirable place,' as a respectable-looking butler showed me into a handsomely-furnished drawing-room, where Thompson and a very pretty girl, whom he introduced to me as his daughter, were waiting to receive me. I felt a kind of melancholy come over me, on account of the loneliness of my bachelor state, as I handed pretty Mary Thompson into the dining-room, where a snug round table, laid for three, was so placed as to catch the cool scent-laden air from the gay flower-garden under the bay windows.

Thompson's dinner was most un-

exceptionable, at least to my taste; though I believe the edibles, with the exception of the fish, whose sudden transfer from one element to another I had witnessed that morning, were the production of Fattington rectory, its farm and garden. The fish was in splendid condition, the mutton was tender and juicy, the chickens young and fat; the second course of ducks and green peas was first-rate; the sweets cool, and nicely made; the home-brewed beer brisk and refreshing after a hard day's fishing; the sherry dry and old. And when it is remembered that I was seated next to a young, pretty, innocent girl, who did her best, in a most unaffected manner, to make her father's old friend comfortable, and at home, I think it may be said, that not only was Fattington-in-the-Clover, but that Inkdish also was amidst that herbaceous production.

'My dear fellow,' said I, as I returned to my seat, and helped myself to another glass of the rector's excellent claret, after holding the door open for Miss Mary to pass through — your lines do indeed seem cast in pleasant places; and if the income of your living is in any way proportionate to the size of the rectory-house and grounds, I should think you held one of the best pieces of preferment in the county.'

'The living,' said Thompson, 'is a capital one, the best, I believe, in these parts: it is more than fifteen hundred a year. But I can assure you it requires a good income to provide for so many bairns, and lay by a little wherewith to start them in the world.'

'They may well call it Fattington-in-the-Clover,' I replied. 'The only wonder to me is that, with such a good living, you have not grown as obese as some of those parsons, which the ancient caricatures portray, as running off with the tithe-pig.'

'Well, so perhaps I might have done,' said my friend, helping himself and passing the bottle; 'but, fortunately for my figure, but most unfortunately for other reasons, I did not get this good living quite soon enough to lay on those quantities of fat necessary for one of those portly figures. You know we farmers

like a young beast to feed; and I dare say I was too old when I came to Fattington to get fat very easily.'

'Well,' said I, with a sigh, 'my dear fellow, I wish I had gone into the church; for, if I remember right, you told me once you had no interest, and here you are with a capital income and an easy life; whilst I am still with my shoulder to the collar—and a galling collar it is too—grinding away at the mill like an old post-horse, and getting very little grist wherewith to keep body and soul together.'

Thompson looked grave. 'It is not all gold that glitters in my case,' he said. 'No one has had a more up-hill game to fight than I have. In that fight I lost my poor wife: my prosperity came too late to save her life.' Here Thompson had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and blew his nose loudly. 'But come, Inkdish, if you would like to hear rather a curious and amusing story, I will tell you how the bishop came to present me to the rich living of Fattington-in-the-Clover.'

'Pray do so, my dear Thompson,' I replied; 'and, if you have no objection, I will light my cigar and have a smoke whilst you are telling it to me.'

Upon this I lit my weed, and, ensconcing myself in a most comfortable arm-chair at the open window, I prepared to listen to 'How the Bishop came to give Thompson a living.'

'You may remember,' said the rector, 'that I was ordained to the curacy of Starvington, in the county of D., for the duties of which parish I was responsible. The incumbent being in prison for debt, and the living, such as it was, under sequestration, I had more than five thousand souls intrusted to my spiritual charge, an income of eighty pounds a year, and a dilapidated, tumble-down old parsonage-house to live in. As long as I remained a bachelor, I did tolerably well, as I had fifty pounds a year of my own; but the bright eyes, and pretty face of a neighbouring curate's daughter, proved too much for me, and I determined to link my fate with hers, foolishly imagining that what was

enough for one would be enough for two, to say nothing of the eight to follow. Except her good father's blessing, poor Mary brought me nothing from her home, but a cheerful, happy temper, and a thrifty, careful soul. These gifts rendered us very happy for the first few years of our married life; but as our family increased very fast, and our expenses in proportion, we soon found ourselves, though practising the very strictest economy, compelled to trench on my little nest-egg in the funds, from whence I derived my fifty pounds a year. As you are well aware, the slaying of the goose which lays the golden egg will soon effectually put a stop to the eggs themselves; therefore as we were at that time burning our candle at both ends, and each year brought us another mouth to feed, our store waxed small and beautifully less; our income became smaller and smaller, as our family grew, in every sense of the word, larger and larger. I had not much more than one hundred pounds of my little fortune left, when our youngest child was born. It was whilst my poor wife was still up stairs very ill, that I received the fatal intelligence that the incumbent of Starvington was dead, and that the new vicar would require me to give up possession of the parsonage house and the curacy in six weeks' time. Here, indeed, was a terrible prospect, a sick wife, eight small children, and nothing to do, and only one hundred pounds, a good deal of which was already owing, to keep us all, until I could get another curacy. I was almost in despair, though we had lived hard enough before, all our previous privations would be as nothing, to what we should have now to endure. I was, you may be sure, at my wits' end, to know what to do for the best. By the advice of our kind doctor, I was induced one cold January morning, to start to walk the fifteen long miles which intervened between the little town of Starvington and the castle of Rockminster, the episcopal residence of the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee, upon whom I was to call, to ask him if he would do some-

thing to assist me, either by obtaining a curacy for me, or give me a small living. You may remember, perhaps, my dear Inkdish, that when I was at Cambridge, I was rather remarkable for my feats of strength, and my powers of endurance; but night after night sitting up with a sick wife, and a crying baby, with short commons, and no more strengthening and stimulating beverage than tea, or water, are not calculated to increase a man's capabilities as an athlete.

'Shanks' pony is a very useful mode of conveyance when you are full of beef and beer, besides, the exercise does you good; but when you have nothing but this ancient method of progression to take you fifteen long miles there, and the same distance home again, after living for a considerable number of months on dry bread, bacon, and tea, with only an occasional slice of fresh meat, I can speak from bitter experience the journey will be painful, and trying in the extreme. By the time I reached Rockminster Castle I was completely done up. Indeed, I sank upon a chair in the episcopal ante-room, so faint and so weary that I thought I should never be able to stir again. I was fortunately kept waiting some little time before I was admitted into the presence of his spiritual lordship, and it gave me time to recover my strength in some degree, and to settle my nerves, which from anxiety, privation, fatigue, and want of sleep had become sadly disarranged. At length the solemn butler, who I always think, from his pompous manner, imitates closely his right reverend master, ushered me into the luxurious library, where his Lordship of Plumpsee was sitting. After making my bow, and being waved in a bland and pompous manner to a seat, the bishop requested to know what was the occasion of my visit. I briefly stated my case, and expressed my humble hope that more than ten years' service in the diocese, as curate of Starvington, would not be forgotten. His Lordship of Plumpsee listened or pretended to listen, which was quite as much to the purpose, as far as any benefit to

myself was concerned, to my appeal, and then politely informed me that he had already several curates of even longer standing than myself upon his list, but that he would enter my name thereon, and when it came to my turn he would not forget my case. But with regard to obtaining a curacy for me he said that he made it a rule in no case to recommend a curate of whom he had not had some previous knowledge, and with whom he was not personally acquainted. It was all in vain that I implored his lordship to ask any of the respectable inhabitants of Starvington about me, any neighbouring clergyman, the archdeacon himself, if he liked; I was politely bowed out of the library, handed to the door by the solemn butler, and left standing on the steps of the portico outside, bewildered, crushed, faint, and brokenhearted. At the lodge I begged a crust of bread and a drink of water, which the kind, good-natured woman who kept the gate freely gave me. Passing through the lordly palace gates of Rockminster Castle, I shook the dust from my feet in disgust, and started feebly on my road home. I had not walked more than a couple of hundred yards, when such a feeling of faintness stole over me, that I was compelled to sit down by the road side, and rest for a while. I had consumed the crust which the kind soul at the lodge had given me, and had, I conclude, fallen into a deep sleep, which must have continued for some time, when I was suddenly awoke from my slumber by hearing the thick, stertorous breathing of some animal, as I thought, approaching the place where I was sitting. I started up, and could hardly believe my eyes when I beheld the short, fat, puffy figure of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Plumpsee, flying as fast as a pair of rather thin and very feeble legs could carry him up the hill to where I was standing. There was his solemn, pompous lordship, running as if for a wager; his gaunter legs trembling again with the rapidity of his action; the tails of his episcopal coat and apron flying in the wind; his hat and wig both off, and

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his bald head shining like a billiard ball, and steaming like a plum-pudding fresh from the pot. Some little distance behind, waving his whip, shouting and gesticulating like an infuriated maniac, was a thick-set, coachman-like looking fellow, who, as I then thought, was pursuing his right reverend lordship with the intention then and there of administering upon his august person a sound and severe horsewhipping. "Oh, save me, save me!" panted out the exhausted Bishop of Plumpsee as he came up, and threw himself, puffing and gasping, into my arms. What was I to do? Here was a fellow in pursuit of my diocesan, evidently by his manner bent on mischief, who would at any time, if anything of a boxer, have been a most formidable antagonist; but to engage in single combat with whom, in my present enfeebled state, and encumbered, as I was, with the portly, heavy person of the bishop, would be downright madness. I cast a rapid and most anxious glance around me, to see if there were any place near at hand to which I might bear his almost fainting lordship, and where we should both of us be safe from the very excited person in pursuit. The most welcome sight of a half-opened door in the wall of the park caught my eye, and I had only just time to drag the bishop within, and bolt and double lock the door, when the loud knocking of the ruffian's whip was heard on the outside. "Oh, kind sir, kind sir!" said the bishop, sitting, or rather lying on the grass, kicking, gasping, and sobbing for breath, something like a large trout when first taken out of the water—"Oh, kind sir! do not let that man in, he will be the death of me; oh, what shall I do? oh, hold the door fast, he will murder me!" As the knocking still continued, his lordship implored me to lend him my arm, and to assist him on his way to the castle. This I accordingly did, though the shades of the short winter's day began to lengthen, and warned me that if I did not wish for a dark walk home, I must start at once. On our way I mentioned to the bishop—who had by this time

sufficiently recovered his breath and his composure so as to be able to speak—the necessity I was under to leave him at once, as I had a walk of fifteen long miles before me; but the state of terror the mere mention of my departure threw him into was so very great, that I had not the heart to leave him. By the time we reached the castle, the bishop had nearly recovered, and asked me my name, and all about myself. But so completely had fright or something else driven memory from the episcopal brain, that it was not until I had twice repeated, that only that morning, a few hours ago, I had been favoured with a short interview with him, his lordship was able to comprehend who I was, and what had brought me to Rockminster: I must say that nothing could exceed the gratitude, both of the Bishop of Plumpsee and Mrs. Pompous, to whom he introduced me on our arrival at the castle as the preserver of his life. On my refusal to stay dinner, a most appetizing luncheon quickly made its appearance, during the discussion of which meal, the now most cordial and friendly bishop entered most warmly into all the details of my hard and sad case. "Mr. Thompson," said his lordship, as he pressed my hand at starting, "I owe you my life, and you may rest assured that I shall not prove myself ungrateful. Go home, cheer up your spirits; it will not be long before you hear from me, offering you something in the way of preferment which I hope will be worthy of your acceptance, and which will relieve you from all care, and embarrassment for the future. Remember, as long as I live no guest will be more welcome at Rockminster Castle than yourself." I then got into the luxurious and well-appointed carriage, which had been ordered round to convey me home, and was not very long before I was put down at my own door. Within the next fortnight I had a note from the bishop, asking me to come over to Rockminster on a certain day as he wished to see me, and that he would send his carriage for me.

'The day appointed saw me again at Rockminster under rather different circumstances to those under which I had last visited that place, for on my arrival his lordship informed me that in consequence of the death of Doctor E——, the rich living of Fattington-in-the-Clover had fallen to his patronage, and he sincerely hoped I would do him the favour of accepting it. It did not take me many minutes, you may be sure, my dear Inkdish, to decide upon the course I should pursue, and I at once most gratefully accepted the rich living. I am happy to say that my appointment to Fattington gained for the Bishop of Plumpee great credit in his diocese and elsewhere, for it was looked upon by the public as a graceful recognition by a bishop, a rare thing in those days, as well as now, of the claim that hard-working curates have on the rich preferment in their gifts. Whether, if the true facts of the case had been generally known, he would have been so popular, I cannot take upon myself to determine. I am even now a most honoured guest at the castle; and it was only last week, whilst staying there with my daughter, that the bishop intimated to me that the death of Archdeacon S—— was hourly expected, and that, when it did take place, he had made up his mind to offer me the archdeaconry, and he sincerely hoped I should do him the favour of accepting it. My good fortune, as I before told you, came too late to be shared in by my poor wife. She died worn out with the struggle she had undergone against poverty, and ere I had hardly settled here, I followed her remains to the grave. But my daughter Mary is a very good girl, and makes me feel the loss of her poor mother less than I should otherwise have done.' As the rector concluded, his voice was husky, and I observed his eyes were full of tears; but hastily brushing them away, he said, 'Come, Inkdish, do not smoke a dry pipe, help yourself.' I did as he suggested, and as I put down my glass after draining it of the grateful fluid it contained, I said, 'Yours is a most quaint and

extraordinary story, Thompson, but have you never heard any solution of the mystery of the coachman-like person wishing to lay sacrilegious hands on the lord bishop?'

'Oh yes,' said Thompson, 'I heard the whole account from the man himself soon after; but I have discreetly kept the matter to myself until now.'

'It appears that there was an omnibus which plies between the small town of Sourford and the county town of Campchester, which had to pass every day by the lodge gate of Rockminster Castle. A few days before the eventful one of which I have been telling you, the lord bishop was taking his after-luncheon stroll, as was his wont, when this omnibus, with its three wretched horses toiling painfully and slowly up the steep ascent called Rockminster Hill, passed him. The driver was lashing his horses, and otherwise conducting himself towards them in what the bishop thought a very improper and unjustifiable manner. He therefore held up his hand, and called to the fellow to stop. This the driver did, thinking his lordship was a passenger. The bishop kept the man, who was behind his time already, waiting some few moments, whilst he picked his way slowly and pompously through the mud to where the omnibus had pulled up. You may fancy the fellow's disgust when, instead of the bishop mounting the box at once, or getting inside, he calmly began to expostulate with the driver for his cruelty to his horses, and threatened him, if the offence was repeated, with all the penalties of Martin's Act. The coachman, as he afterwards told me, incensed at what he imagined was the interference of what he called some Quaker-like chap, proceeded to use language anything but parliamentary, and requested his lordship to retire to a place never mentioned to ears polite, and where the climate is supposed to be somewhat hotter than in this terrestrial sphere, adding, as he again lashed his horses more severely than before, and turned to shake his whip at the bishop, "that he would sarve all

meddling chaps the same as he did his horses." A passenger, who had silently witnessed these proceedings, as soon as the omnibus arrived at Campchester, asked the coachman if he knew who it was that he had spoken so roughly to, and sworn at so dreadfully. The man's reply was, that he supposed it was one of those (and he made use of an oath) Quakering chaps. "Not at all," was the passenger's answer, "it was the Lord Bishop of Plumpee." "Bless my heart!" was the fellow's response, "the best customer I have; I would not offend his lordship for all the world. Why, I bring his fish regularly every day from Campchester. Oh! what shall I do?" It was by the advice of the passenger that the next time Jehu saw his lordship of Plumpee taking his afternoon stroll that, hastily giving the reins to the occupant of the box-seat, he descended from his perch, intending to make a humble and most abject apology to the bishop for his rudeness. This happened the very day of my visit to Rockminster. The bishop, who was walking leisurely along the road a few paces in advance of the omnibus, no sooner saw this proceeding on the part of the man, who a few days before had threatened to serve him as he did his horses, than he immediately came to the conclusion that coachee meditated carrying his threat into instant execution, and therefore he turned his hands, and fled up the hill as fast as a pair of feeble legs could carry him. Jehu, seeing his lordship flying before

him, followed hotly in pursuit, gesticulating, shouting, and waving his whip, in hopes that he should induce the bishop to slacken his speed and wait for him to come up and beg pardon. But nothing of the sort; the more coachee waved his whip and gesticulated, the faster the bishop ran, until, almost fainting, he ran to earth, as the fox-hunters term it, in my arms.'

Long and loud were the peals of laughter with which I greeted the conclusion of my friend's story; and as I strolled slowly homewards through the soft summer night, to the abode of worthy X. Y. Z., I disturbed the silence around by more than one hearty roar at the thoughts of 'How the Bishop came to give Thompson a Living.' My stay in H—shire was prolonged from one month to two, at the end of which time I returned to town a regular 'dead hand' at fishing—thanks to Thompson's instructions—and determined to become a Benedict as soon as possible—thanks to his pretty daughter, charming Mary Thompson. Before the fishing season again came round the following announcement appeared in the first column of the 'Times' newspaper, that column devoted to Hatches, Matches, and Despatches:—

'At Fattington-in-the-Clover, by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Plumpee, T. C. Inkdish, Esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of the Venerable Thomas Thompson, D.D., Archdeacon of Rockminster, and Rector of Fattington-in-the-Clover.'



CHARADE.

(BY THE LATE T. K. HERVEY.)

THAT my First has its shades, I may frankly proclaim,
 Though they're none of them beauty to me;
 I would turn from the fair one who bids for the name,
 In whatever its tint or degree:
 But I hope—for his sins, be they little or great—
 Friend of mine may be never so curst,
 As to take for love's colour, and tinge his own fate
 With the very worst type of my First.
 Such a fair one I've met, in my life's *outer* ways,
 And I hold it a part of my burthen of days.

Made by marriage a moon, she *must* move with a sun,
 And she yields as she may to life's praxis,
 But no dullard in science could ever dispute
 That she spins on her separate axis;—
 And if I were her sun, I should wish, I must own,
 I had left her a spinster still spinning alone—
 To dance in love's heaven her own *vis-à-vis*,
 And turn on herself without waiting on me.
She's not the best wife that a wise man can take,
 Who *will* walk round the world in his own wide-awake.
 Her eyes have no brightness, though bright as love's stars,
 Who would make it her boast that she's not to be blinded;
 Who knows what she knows, and who talks by the card,
 And who claims, on the strength of a mind that is hard,
 To belong to the class that's strong-minded;—
 Who metes out men's thoughts in a bushel she bears,
 And measures your words by her own pocket-rule,
 And would scorn to be told, how the new may be old,
 And that wisdom can sometimes be—playing the fool;—
 Who will make no allowance for signs or for seasons,
 Thinks, reason must always be ready with reasons;
 Talks logic to love—keeps her feelings in bottle—
 And in matters of taste is her own Aristotle;—
 Who believes that the world had completed its knowledge
 About the same year when *she* entered its college,
 And talks, in the name of her ancient diploma,
 The rightness of round-hand, the cant of a comma;—
 Thinks, freedom of thought is, to clank the school fetter,
 And that, they are the lettered who stick to the letter;—
 Who tests all your types, to the turn of an S,
 And follows your fancies correcting their press.
 —Though her lips let out Hybla, ye gods, put the gag on!
 Shut up all your doors, men!—keep out the she-dragon!
 'Twill mock you with music, to madden like Gorgon,
 This heart-hurdygurdy, this ~~brain~~ *brain*-barrel-organ!
 —*Should* his life-rose be stained with this tint of my First,
 Alas! my poor friend! he may safely be reckoned
 A victim consigned to a chronic soul-thirst,
 And most likely to take to my Second.

As he sits in his arbour on lone summer eves,
 With my First for a fear, and my Second a friend,
 When, to play with the spirits that hide 'mid the leaves,
 From my Second *its* spirits ascend,

And Puck, the wild urchin, steals silently in,
 To lead him astray through the mists they all spin,—
 Should a buzz in his ear to the buzz in his brain
 Make its mocking reply, 'twill perplex him, at worst,
 For, nigh buzz-proof must he be whose heart, through his head,
 Has been buzzed at so long by my First.
 As he lifts up his face at the sight of the rose,
 It will tease him, no doubt, to encounter my Whole;
 But, better, far better, its flap on his nose,
 Than the sting of my First in his soul!
 —I take the sad lesson:—let fate do her worst,
 To my Second I fly, if she charge with my First;—
 If I bear with my Whole, be it insect not human—
 And my First is my Whole, in the shape of a woman.

IN ROTTEN ROW.



ONE glance at the protective attire of the 'walking lady' who illustrates this chapter will suffice to show the enlightened gazer that it is 'all over.'

Need I explain what 'it' is? Scarcely, I imagine. In every well-regulated mind, for some time to come, 'it' will mean the International Exhibition season of 1862, which has been, if not 'a thing of beauty,' at least 'a joy for a period' to many a comic draughtsman.

Along that row where now we see a couple of despondent horses, bearing, besides their riders, the weight of memories of what 'has been, and

is not'—along that row, during the past summer, of what delightful diurnal equestrian farces have we not been the cheerfully amused and appreciative witnesses? Shall I, for the benefit of those who like to read the 'impartial critique' of the comedy at which they roared last night, go back to one of the mid-season days, and essay, to the best of my ability, to paint glory in its transit?

Who is it that comes smiling into view round Hyde Park Corner, and by a lucky combination of circumstances—with which his lemon-kidded hands have nothing to do—

clears the space between the entrance-posts, and prepares to execute a series of witching feats of horsemanship? A bright, lively son of Gaul is this first performer, who has hired a wicked-eyed bay with the genial desire of entering fully into the sports and pastimes of hospitable England.

How easily—not to say loosely—he goes along for at least a hundred yards! How lightly and gracefully he holds his reins and whip! the latter, to be sure, flutters occasionally down on the flank of the bay, who, unused to such treatment, will soon resent it forcibly; and the former are elegantly disposed between the wrong fingers. But why dwell on such trifles as these? Rather mark with admiration the glittering balloon his silvery alpaca coat makes when the bay, roused to sudden fury, bolts with him, causing the trees and shrubs of this portion of perfidious Albion to reel before his eyes. But we must not follow him, for other forms of equestrian grace and vigour claim our attention. Never was riding so universal! All England—all softer England—has inserted itself into the figure-displaying cloth habit this year—put a black structure upon its head—taken the reins into its hands—and gone into the Park. The early hats of France and Germany have elevated themselves at least an inch, as the hair of their wearers has stood erect with admiration and horror at some of the spectacles offered.

What intense pleasure there is in driving up and down, at a funeral pace, between Prince's Gate and Hyde Park Corner! What bliss there is in coming every five minutes to a standstill! What soul-fraught joy in seeing a broken-nosed King Charles, or a lethargic pug, or a Skye-terrier all gone away to coat, yawn as if the air was having the desired soporific effect upon him.

There must be pleasure—nay, bliss, in all this; for people come here day after day and do these things. But how well the feelings are kept under! The majority look stolidly indifferent, gloomily grand,

unconscious of all things; the minority look actively uneasy, savagely vexed, and sorry for being here. They pass and repass, and those who bruise their elbows and wear out their coat-sleeves upon the rails that separate them, watch in vain for the shadow of a change of emotions.

The prettiest thing that passes—next in order of beauty, though not of succession, to the ballooning alpaca coat—is that pony-drag. Four fairy-like greys draw gently up and down the length of the drive at a sorrowful pace a portly, earnest gentleman and lady. The former must be one of our 'distinguished visitors' bent upon emulating, like his equestrian compatriot, in a harmless form one of England's most striking and hazardous enjoyments. The sting of danger is taken out of that four-in-hand, and the flower of security blooms unmarred through the smallness of those little steeds, delicate, gentle, fragile enough to be driven by Queen Mab or a baby. Yet still for all this the bland whip cannot achieve that look of being unconscious of all things, which marks the Englishman in a like, or, rather, far more dangerous position.

That tall, fair man, in a mail Phaeton, regulating—with an easy skill that wins from our delighted eyes flashes of admiration—the movements of a pair of nobly-crested, high-stepping horses, who 'match' in height and beauty alone,—that tall, fair man is unmistakably an Englishman. How sublimely contemptuous he looks as a black horse, bearing another incapable son of Gaul upon its back, careers into the drive with the palpably light-hearted intention of smashing its rider between the wheels of conflicting vehicles!

See how the delicate lavender kids, reposing on the rails, seem as if about to give an *encore* as a lady drives rapidly by, restraining with her tiny hands the onward impulses of a pair of ponies unequalled for symmetry, beauty, and speed. With an unerring hand and eye she guides them through passes fraught with peril, where a swerve of a hair's

breadth to the right or left would be destruction to all—herself, her thoroughbreds, and her equipage.

Not a dusky-visaged French mistress of coquetry in the promenade but wishes she could add *this* crowning one of 'driving ravishingly' to her list of heart-subduing accomplishments, despite the scorn with which she may endeavour to disguise the admiration she *can* but feel. She may walk better, she may talk better—that is, more winningly; she may dress, and receive, in a very superior style to her rival, the Englishwoman, but she cannot touch the latter on her own acknowledged vantage-ground of riding and driving. 'Die Vernon' could have grown to no such rare perfection on foreign soil.

We have had a pleasing diversity this summer in the Park. The countesses of Belgravia have not

been better—that is, more fully—represented than the matrons of Mudborough. The latter have fairly established their claim now and henceforth to talk about 'when we go into the Park.' The ignorant denizen of this 'great metropolis'—to use a phrase as strikingly novel as it is beautiful and correct—has had many opportunities of improving his local knowledge. Dissensions as to whether the huge house at the corner is Apsley House or the British Museum have, to the writer's certain knowledge, been frequently settled in favour of the latter. Wonderful people have been pointed out as the Duchess of Sutherland; astonishing bipeds have been pronounced to be Lord Palmerston; and, as a rule, everybody has been asserted to be 'somebody.'



DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY: SERVANTS AND MISTRESSES.

The Two Sides of the Medal.



They were dining in Berkeley Square. A profusion of viands there were, though only visible singly as they were manœuvred round the table by the chief butler and his myrmidons. It was a splendid dinner *à la Russe*—that great modern revolution against which so many stout hearts and strong appetites rebel in England. For a large party nothing is better: for a small one, nothing worse. As in all revolutions, to comprehend its benefits one must look back on the past; one must turn to the old *régime* before one condemns the new system.

Memory calls up before our view two soups and two fishes; four corners, four flanks; something very sickening after the fish in the shape of a calf's head, or a sucking-pig, with ears stuck out;

or an abomination of fricasséed veal, or, at best, a fricandeau, larded—successors to the poor innocent turbot. Memory places before us, at the other end of the table, a saddle of mutton, or a sirloin of beef, or an infanticide of lamb; and the horrors of an over-large dinner come back to our pensive retrospection.

But now all is remodelled. As we sat down to our dinner in one of the best houses going, not a comestible stood before us. An exquisite mass, rather than bouquet, of flowers formed the centre of the table. Plants in pots, sunk into silver or gold baskets of delicate fabric; a vast show of beautiful and decorative plate and of glass, filled up the space once tenanted by our old friends, corner dishes. The flanks were all routed, and had disappeared entirely; and the saddle of mutton in the rear, as well as his *vis-à-vis* of calves' head, or pair of chickens, had left the field altogether.

This, however, is little to my purpose. The dinner *à la Russe* is far superior for health, temper, conversation, and, above all, for economy, to its predecessor—that is, if you can get enough to eat at it. But it is not of the banquet, but of those who produce its glories, that I wish to say a few words.

As we went up stairs, the lady of the house, one of my intimate friends, said to me, 'Would you believe it? At three o'clock my cook was perfectly intoxicated on the kitchen floor.'

'Good heavens! How have you managed?'

'As you see: I drove off to Gunter's; it was then a quarter past three. I stated my case. "We can send you a dinner," was their reply—(you know what dear, obliging people they are); "but could you give us till eight?" "Certainly," I answered. "We should not ask it, my lady," was the angelic man's reply, "but that there are three more ladies in the same predicament; we have orders for entire dinners at No. —, — Square, at —, St. James's Place, and so on. Your kitchen-maids, I conclude, can undertake the roasts? If so, you can be quite easy. Dinner will be served at eight o'clock."'

'Four ladies,' cried I, 'obliged to have dinners sent in! Four households upset! Four horrid examples set, from shameless creatures, the sport of men-servants, and the cause of great expense to their employers!'

Whilst I was pondering over this painful fact, a lady came up to me, and said: 'Mrs. Motherly, I know

you have a large family, well managed: can you tell me of a good upper nurse? Perhaps you you have heard the sad affair that occurred in the house of Lady——?—a child lost. She has three nurses; and 'tis strange that whilst poor people's children can be safe and well looked after by a little girl, perhaps, the heirs of daughters of



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our patrician class are not safe with three well-paid, well-clothed, over-fed attendants.'

Here was another recital. No matter what my reply. But I held my own opinion on the subject. We formed into groups. Young and accomplished married women were amongst us. Dress, the last new opera, pictures, travelling, fell under review; and then we turned to servants. Scarcely a lady was there who had not some loss regis-

tered in the sore part of her memory. Mrs. Letherby's butler had just been sentenced to penal servitude for stealing and pawning all their plate. He was a man in whom they had placed the utmost reliance. Mr. Letherby having been very ill, the plate had not been used for some time, but was left under the charge of this 'most confidential' servant. Mr. Letherby suddenly recovers; a wedding is about to take place in the family; an entertainment is to

be given; let all the plate be taken out and cleaned. 'All the plate'—open the chest, and see. There is not an ounce of plate inside. All has been pawned, or melted down. You punish your offender; but you must do without your épergnes, your plateaux, your curious nautilus-shaped salt-cellars, your exquisite claret jugs, and your apostle spoons in future. Then the chronicle goes on to relate the doings of butlers; and the sink of iniquity which their pantry history affords is pretty well sifted. I visit a friend next day, and take luncheon with her. I see a cloud on her brow; she is calm, but has no smile even for my last anecdote. I see something is the matter. We go up stairs. 'Your carriage is here,' says she, 'but wait five minutes.' Then she shuts the doors; she looks into the back drawing-room to see that no one is listening; she comes back mysteriously. 'I have lost all my jewels,' she whispers; 'my very dressing-box carried off!' And then comes the history. It was done whilst the family were at evening prayers; the audacity of the thieves, the silence of the house, the despatch and celerity of the whole exploit, are dwelt upon with a mournful gravity by one who shall never again rejoice in a certain emerald and diamond bandeau, the admired of all observers.

I turned to sympathise, reminding her (it was a sorry comfort) how our relative, Mrs. S——, had slept, unconsciously, with a man under her very bed; that man, when the housemaid came up in the morning to sweep the room, being found helping himself to rings and brooches as quietly as one gathers gooseberries, and darting off—the poor housemaid not being able to scream—down stairs with his booty. It is true he was stopped, caged, transported; but could Mrs. S—— ever forget that fatal night? Could she blot out from memory's page that, had she turned or spoken, even in her sleep, she might have been murdered? No; the very sources of confidence were poisoned; the calm, secure repose of happier days is no longer our fine lady's portion.

Her servants are spies and robbers, not humble friends, as were those of her parents. There is always an enemy in any camp worth robbing; and, in this case, the rich pay the penalty, and the poor escape it.

'One cannot leave home,' says a worthy matron to me, 'without something happening; especially if one disregards a warning.'

'A warning!' I answer, 'do you mean a servant's warning?'

'No, Mrs. Motherly; I mean—but you must hear the whole story.'

'My children, like other people's children, are in the habit of walking out in the Park every day. One morning in comes little Harry to me (you know his bright, dear face?), "Mamma, what do you think? There was a white chalk mark on our door to-day. Nurse rubbed it off. Who could have put it there?"'

"Some naughty, vulgar boy, with a piece of white chalk," said I; and went on with my collar, which I was working in holes, and told him to say his lessons. It was the choicest collar I ever worked, and it so engrossed my thoughts that I forgot the angel boy's warning.

'Presently in comes my husband. "Jane," says he, "you wanted to see Macready for the last time in 'Macbeth': here's a box for you—a private box, first on the stage; so you will be able to follow his reading."

"And to see the awful faces he makes," added I; "but he's a great artist."

'I went. Why are the theatres at such an unnatural hour as seven o'clock? I hurried over dinner, and took one last look at my antique salt-cellars and useful, common plate—all solid and good. I drove off to the theatre. To cut a long story short—I returned at eleven, full of the admirably-read play (Fanny Kemble as Lady Macbeth), and feeling that I never had understood Shakespeare so well, nor felt him so little. The door was opened by our fat old butler; demure: "Tired," thought I. I passed into my husband's library, and there I heard the real tragedy of the evening. Whilst

the butler was taking up coffee—indispensable to me after dinner—some one had contrived to slip into the house, enter the dining-room, and carry off all the spoons and small plate, which, contrary to custom, the butler had left there. The alarm was instantly given by him, and he was ready to faint, the housemaid said. In less than half an hour the police were advertised of the robbery; but do the police ever find out a robbery of plate or jewels? Tell me, ye happy few who can say "Yes." It was a painful business. Our servants insisted on going before a magistrate, and being examined upon oath. Nothing could be elicited against them: the butler was not known to belong to any of the clubs where gentlemen of his *genre* meet to gamble and mystify their intellects. He was a married man, and his wife and only daughter were dressmakers. I believe him to be as innocent as I was of the theft. Many years afterwards I saw that a page, whose name I recognized as that of the boy then in my service, was taken up for theft, and that his father was a receiver of stolen goods. "Aha!" thought I, "here is my plate gone!" But it must be long since melted down ere now.

Dishonesty is, we must all admit, the rule, and not the exception among our domestic servants; and we shall see presently how it arises, where the impure source is traceable, and how we insensibly swell the dark and turbid wave of crime.

Now let us turn to the softer sex. A very high-bred and accomplished Frenchman once remarked to me that nothing surprised him so much as the dress, bearing, and dignity ('*retenue*' he called it), of our lady's-maids. Take them as a class, they are, perhaps, if (saving their presence) we except the good, well-trained house-maids, as meritorious as any other stamp of servant—perhaps better; and, certainly, if we compare them with those of their own rank in France, or Italy, or Germany, far more competent and efficient than any foreign *femme de chambre*.

True it is that the duties of the

English lady's-maid are specific, whereas the *femme de chambre* assists in everything except the kitchen. She is more what we should call an upper house-maid or parlour-maid than a lady's-maid. Now the vices of the English lady's-maid are avarice, presumption, and implied impertinence; a passion for dress, an immense appreciation of number one (herself), a total and actual indifference to number two (her mistress).

Allow it; they are not like the intriguing, falsifying, unscrupulous *femme de chambre*, who meddles with, and who often governs the *ménage de Paris* into which she has been admitted; they have more principle, more conscience, in short, more '*retenue*,' to borrow from my friend, Mons. Le Vicomte de —. Your French maid will take a bribe, as soon as she will eat her breakfast, to betray her mistress's secrets, or even to open her letters; whilst most English maids would be shocked at the bare idea; not but that their fingers itch to clench a half-sovereign, with all their '*retenue*;' and they are thorough Jewesses in respect to vails, wages, left-off clothes, and presents. It may be perfectly true that the English lady of rank is not, as her French contemporary is, wholly in the power of her maid, whom the fair Parisian often *dares* not turn away. But she is, to an extent, governed by her maid; and a lady's-maid will rule a termagant whom no husband would dare to control.

Let us not, however, triumph over our neighbours across the Channel. With all their legion of faults, there is still, in France, between servants and mistresses, what there has long since ceased to be in England, attachment.

I pass over the inordinate finery of servants—the cry against which is everywhere, and which all utter, but no one attempts to prevent. I pass over the kitchen-maids in crinoline, the house-maids in black silk, and the lady's-maids with *crêpe* hair and nets (my abomination). I pass over the painful fact that the primitive, comfortable, old-fashioned female servant, with her closely-

plaited cap, her round, little flat curls, and her shapely, well-preserved gown, is quite gone out among us. I even pass over worked petticoats, now seen coming up from area-steps: but I must say a few words on the subject of nurses and maids. It is not merely a matter of convenience or inconvenience whether they do or do *not* do their duty; it is not a question of comfort or discomfort only, whether they are reliable or not; but it is a matter, as regards our children, of health or of sickness, of happiness, at that period when alone can enjoyment exist without the sting of anxiety: it is present and even future felicity; it is peace of mind and safety of limb, or it is an after-life of ill-temper, ill-health, and perhaps insanity. For I am disposed to think that many cases of insanity are engendered, if not produced by infantile depression. Fear, dullness, neglect, prepare the way for Hanwell or Bedlam, where there is even a very slight tendency to congenital disease. I look, therefore, to the subject of nurses with a sentiment of anxiety almost next to that which I did towards those who tried to alter the Liturgy—it is so vital, so fearful a point to whom we trust our children.

But here, again, I must acknowledge the vast superiority of English nurses over all others, in cleanliness and order, in temper and principle, in good sense, and even in good feeling.

Granted this superiority; yet, after all, nurses are plagues. They exact much; they expect much; they are extravagant, partial, overbearing. They are full of little slynesses, and often 'act a lie,' as Robert Hall used to term it, before the little creatures, so prone to original sin, who quickly take up the same cue. They are the most unsettled of any servants, and the least irritation brings the old threat. 'If you're not satisfied, ma'am: I'm sure I do my best.' In five cases out of ten their influence and example are pernicious: if old, they are so afraid of wet or cold, that they do not give the children half enough air and exercise; if young,

they will run out at any time, prudent or imprudent. They are often sour and savage, and more spoiled than the children themselves. Let it pass. After all, the happiest time for parents is when their children are in the nursery, safe, innocent, affectionate, trustful: before they arrive at an age when they detect faults, enter into family quarrels, or arrive at a knowledge of separate interests; before love begins—and peace of mind as parents ends. Hateful as nurses are, their rule is a period of happiness compared with the turmoil of the world: compared with separation and absence: compared with the days when Charles sets off for the Crimea, or George sails for Canada—never, perhaps, to return.

We have touched a little on the vices of cooks, for each degree of domestics 'of the period' has its own particular vices. Chronic dishonesty reigns in the kitchen; occasional dishonesty in the pantry. The natives of both places are wont to be greatly shocked at the delinquencies of the other. It is like Turkey and Greece. 'Degraded beings,' cries the Greek, speaking of the Turk. 'Nation of thieves,' says the Turk, on referring to the subjects of poor King Otho, with the bee in his bonnet. 'I am sure, ma'am,' says the family cook and housekeeper, 'it made me quite ill to 'ear that Mr. Parsons had be'aved ill. Whatever could hinduce 'im to do such a thing? Pawn the plate! he ought to be transported for life. For my part, I wouldn't touch the value of a farthing, in my situation.' 'There's as much goes out of the 'ouse almost as comes in it, some days,' whispers Mr. Parsons (*before his 'little misfortune'*), to a sympathizing under nurse. 'A 'orrid shame! What! if I had the misfortune to be a woman, and was a cook, would I ever purline my hemployer's beef and mutton? Oh dear no!'

If men-servants are malefactors, cooks are sinners—clever sinners. How they mount up bills and books! How they destroy, how they waste, how they make one's heart ache: what masses of gravy beef they use to make the mysterious abuse they

call *consommé*: what volumes do they not inscribe with the detestable word 'lard:' what exits do whole joints make when once cut into: what sinks of pilfering are the washtubs: what mysteries the baker's bills! what incomprehensible narratives the cook's own book! Surely a cook, or more especially her lady superior, a cook and housekeeper, is one of the most voluminous authoresses of fiction living.

All these points are incontestable. Cooks are detestably unfaithful. Men-servants more or less dishonest, and even dangerous. Lady's-maids grasping. Nurses overbearing, and often indifferent; and all these vices, somewhat diluted, spread, like the roots of a tree, in a downward direction. House-maids, laundry-maids, kitchen-maids, scullery-maids, still-room-maids, are all infected, though slightly, with the one prevailing principle of making as much as possible out of those they serve. I say nothing of head-gardeners—very grand gentlemen, with an immense deal in their power—who, when they do a nobleman or gentleman '*the honour*' to take their situations, have one eye to their service, another to their interest; but, not only are they out-door domestics, but, being more highly educated than others, have often more worthy and elevated notions of duty.

I have drawn a melancholy picture of service in England. Let me now show the reverse side of the medal.

This side is almost as dark as the other; for if servants are changed, how much more their employers! When was there an age of such fraud?—for I call it fraud to live at another man's expense—to give dinners for which your butcher, your poulterer, your fishmonger, your wine-merchant and confectioner pay, but for which you never think of making one sacrifice to pay. This is fraud, and fraud of the most fashionable and prevalent sort; and the taint of such a system spreads into every class, especially into that so near to you all, in actual contiguity, so very far removed in sympathies of any sort. Your servants, dear Mrs. Fitz-Reckless, know very

well that you are deeply in debt, though they do not know the extent of your liabilities; and the root of all respect, and the foundation of all principle—and principle is always infirm! enough in our lower classes, soon to totter—are undermined by a secret distrust, and even contempt. You are deceiving others—what is the harm of deceiving you? You are defrauding others—do not you deserve to be defrauded? We talk of the servants of former days. Alas! their ghosts may haunt the buttery of yon old hall, but never shall we see such faithful servitors again until we ourselves are changed, and the whole texture of English society taken to pieces, renovated, cleansed, and fortified. It is very rotten, and in some respects very foul; and whilst in such a state up stairs, the nether regions will never, never be purified.

But it is not only of unsound and unprincipled people that we speak when we say that the race of servants is deteriorated, and when we refer to their superiors as greatly responsible for that deterioration.

In the first place, there prevails, even amongst good people, a totally different style of thinking about servants, and about their position relatively to their masters and mistresses, than that which was entertained by our grandmothers and grandfathers. The old friendly, fatherly interest in young servants, the kindly reverence to an aged domestic, are traits very rarely to be remarked in our time; and it is singular that when they are observed, it is in two very different grades of society that we see them. It is first in the very highest class, and then in the lower middle, or yeoman class—rarely, very rarely in the *parvenu*, or even in those not always *parvenues*, namely, the *nouveaux riches*. And I ascribe this fact to the circumstance that in all countries, as in England, the nobility are the last to change either in manners or habits. How is it that we find them more courteous than any other order of society? It is because they retain the only ancestral notions of good breeding, which we call the 'old school.' The old school is only

to be found genuine in the highest classes, where it is almost proverbially said still to exist; and, in short—I speak from a large experience—it is inculcated from father to son, mother to daughters. And so in regard to servants: our notions of what our servants ought to be to us are changed, but not so much as those respecting what we ought to be to them.

We think now that if we pay them justly, if we feed them well, if we fulfil all our just engagements to them, and don't absolutely outrage decorum before them, we have done all. They are no more to us than the poor street-dog, which, when in place, is fed—when strayed, or not valued, is starved. They are of infinitely less importance to us than our pet Skye terrier or our darling Maltese imp. They may come and go, be sick or sorry, what matters it to us? The old sympathies, the personal care in illness, the advice—not alone from master to slave, but from friend to friend—or, if you will, from Christian to Christian—all that has died out; and the instant a servant enters your service, a system either of blind favouritism or of antagonism is set up. The happiness here and hereafter of those who sleep under our roof and eat our bread is a matter of no earthly difference to us. How can it be? 'I dare not go into mourning,' an old nurse said once to me; 'my lady cannot bear mourning: I should have to leave.' Nothing can, however, be kinder than many mistresses are really; but a young woman may be dying by inches, and your prosperous lady, going three times a day to St. Barnabas, and hearing the text, 'Blessed are the merciful,' thinks nothing of keeping up her pale-faced maid till four in the morning, night after night, until suddenly the tightly-drawn spring of life snaps, and a cough begins. The maid is pronounced to be diseased. 'For heaven's sake!' cries mamma to her highly-dressed, much-admired daughter, 'don't keep a servant that's sickly; she'll plague you to death.' And off goes the worn-out maid, either to 'friends' poorer than herself, or to an unwholesome

lodging, or to an hospital—or—but who cares where?

Yet this lady—sample of her class—is wonderfully compassionate to distressed needle-women; to orthopaedic institutions she is a benefactress; she subscribes for the idiots; she figures largely in the columns of the 'Times;' but she has no notion of the serious duties between mistress and servant. Besides, her maid 'is well paid for it.'

Again—what a moral nation we are! What efforts we make to reform the poor, to reclaim the lost, to restore the wretched to society! What a feature it is that we have set the debtor free! O jubilee of jubilees! when the last captive—he for whom we all have prayed these three centuries, Sunday after Sunday—is free! Merciful England! The wanderer over Dover heights may read now without a pang those few words which used to check the gay girl in her happiness, as she walked over them to the old stern fort: 'Remember the poor debtor.' He is not there! the dark cell is tenanted no longer. What a merciful nation we are!

Stop a while. Let us look at our responsibilities. Year after year we bring up from the country stalwart youths—fine, happy lads—first as pages or as grooms, next as footmen. They are in all the heyday of youth, as are, perhaps, our own sons. Suddenly they have rushed into what is to them a career of immense prosperity. Good wages, capital, and high living—fine clothes—what gallant, handsome lads some of them become! We receive them from their homes—they are domiciled in ours. How well they are treated—too well is the common cry; and perhaps they are. But they have passions and vanities like other men—but we insist on their going to church.

See what good Christians we are! And they follow us in—so go they must.

Our conscience sleeps; but we all know what London is. We all, the most innocent of us, have heard of midnight meetings, and the cause; yet night after night, during the season, are these fine boys about the

streets with our carriages, either waiting on the box, or in the public-house near for warmth, for refreshment, and, alas! for their advancement in sin. What can they—what do they learn there? Yet my lord is an active member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and my lady is devoted to Reformatories! How admirable!

Then we do our best to demoralize the class by the number of servants kept in each family. Up all night, the men-servants have wondrously little to do in the day. Formerly we had our servants to *work*: a couple of men-servants was a handsome complement for a commoner; now a rich commoner must needs have his butler and under-butler, his footmen, and a page. A perfect regiment of do-nothings—at all events, the real labour is confined to the underlings. Of course the elder men play at cards, and drink. We know they do—is it our business to interfere? Besides, we actively support all Temperance Societies. Alas! we are preparing subjects for reform, victims for the hospitals. Discharge half the roysterers in the servants' hall: you will be happier, so will they; you will be richer, so will they. They do but squander what you give them. Insist on their working: they will be perhaps prosperous and healthy men. In proof of this, who are the steadiest amongst our band of lazy varlets, with their plump legs and fine silk stockings? The men who in their underground retreats play some instrument—the men who blow flutes—out of tune, but no matter—or scrape a violin, or squeak on a clarionet—these are the men who can keep away from the public-house. And your men-servants are, when young, still to be reclaimed; when old, they are the most hardened and plausible of all sinners.

We complain that the distinctions of rank are broken down:—not yet so bad as after the Revolution of '43, when, being in a provincial town in France, I had occasion to order a pair of boots. The best boot-maker was sent to me. I went down to speak to him: he was seated. I

look surprised, and remained standing. 'Sit down, *citoyenne*,' said he, 'and let me see your foot.' I calmly answered, 'Leave the room;' and he rose, much scandalized at my total ignorance of the prevailing sentiment of *liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

We are so inconsistent, we modern housekeepers, in our manners to our servants—sometimes so familiar and confiding, then we are shocked that they are 'free'; sometimes so irritable and haughty, then we are most indignant if the worm we cherished yesterday in a hot-bed of favour turns, and is impertinent. Then, as to distinctions of dress: formerly all servants wore not only a livery, but a badge—a swan, or a peacock, or some insignia—wrought on the sleeve. Now we suffer our men-servants to appear in their decayed black—a sort of reflection of the master; and we allow our lady's-maids to abandon the neat and suitable distinction of caps, and to wear either their hair well *coiffé*, or to stick on a ghastly bit of black lace, or a net; so that it is wholly impossible to know whether the good lady who condescends to bring up warm water for our toilet is madame, at your service—or ma'am-selle—fish or fowl, mistress or maid. Oh for the days when one could know one's servants by the neat lace, or even muslin cap, the white apron!—but I shall make the ladies faint. 'A white apron! Why, that was in grandmamma's time.' 'Yes, my dear, you are right. Every servant now has her black silk apron, fringed with a nasty bit of imitation lace. The good old Irish linen, wash and wear, is for dairy-maids, laundry-maids, and such-like. I beg pardon of society for thinking of such a thing.'

I have attempted to show the 'reverse of the medal.' Various characters figure on it. All agree in one principle—that, in regard to servants, 'Take care of yourself' is their motto. Let nothing more generous be given; and, until higher views, a holier system, and better practice obtains amongst us, servants will be as they are.

HASTINGS AND ST LEONARDS.



SOME months ago it was necessary that I should go and see a great London physician. I had been ill: my chest was affected, my symptoms were threatening. The eminent Dr. Stethoscope, as I shall venture to call him, is reputed the very best man in this class of cases. To Dr. Stethoscope I accordingly went. It was rather a nervous kind of business. Moreover, to be tapped, and poked, and sounded, and critically examined in very much the same way as a veterinary surgeon would test a broken-winded beast is humiliating enough. I imagined that it would be a quick and speedy business. The doctor would examine you rapidly, speak oracularly, pocket his fee gracefully, and bow you out almost immediately. I repeat that it is a nervous and melancholy business. Although you are not conscious of offence you feel like a criminal waiting for the verdict; or, rather, you

know the verdict well enough, and are only waiting to learn the precise terms of the sentence. In my case it was milder than I had a right to expect. Instead of a few minutes the physician gave me nearly an hour. I was delighted as I saw his acute, experienced mind busy with every detail, however apparently trivial, of my case. He was a scientific man, and in the pure spirit of science sought simply for the truth. And I knew that he was one who could speak it in accents of calmness and words of fate. He filled a side of note paper with what I have no doubt was a prescription, but to an untutored mind appeared unintelligible hieroglyphics. His initials were more like Arabic characters than anything else. It is to be hoped that this illegibility will not produce any such dire effects as Mr. Dickens's chemist apprehended—that no nice intelligent boy has a prevailing im-

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pression that Epsom salts means oxalic acid, and syrup of senna, laudanum. However, I pay my guinea, feeling that it is compensation little enough for so much care and trouble. As I pass out I perceive that the waiting-room is beginning to fill. Quiet, gentlemanly men, with an air of well-bred indifference, are glancing over the newspapers, or perhaps—save the mark—entering themselves with 'Punch.' Yet doubtless each has his own tale of sorrow and suffering, care, apprehension, gloom, and is about to indicate a dread burden to the physician. Perhaps one or two are doomed men.

The mystic scroll has produced intelligible results. I am told that there is a congeries of little packages in the hall. I sum up the results. Of course I am to be nourished by the oil of the liver of the cod. I am to use various medicines and appliances. I am to be particular about regimen and diet. But this was not all the prescription. Another remedy remained, one whose wonderful sanative influences physicians are increasingly alive to—climate, change of climate. You must not go to Florence, for Florence is too cold. Nice or Cannes might suit you better, but probably all these places are too far off. Go to our own south coast. The milder air and the more sheltered situation belong to Hastings; but if you require rather what braces than what relaxes, go to St. Leonards. Dr. Stethoscope generally recommends St. Leonards. It is almost peopled by his patients. It is almost his own private pocket borough. Accordingly, I put myself in the train for St. Leonards. There the salt cliffs shall shield me from the stormy blasts of the north, and there stray breezes from the south shall waft me renovated health. My notions about the place are of the hazyest. Whether it is close to Hastings, or forty miles from Hastings—whether it is on this side Dover, or on that side Dover, are points which I cannot at the moment positively take upon myself to decide.

In due time we arrived at St. Leonards. This part of the coast came

into celebrity as a watering-place by the great Dr. Baillie recommending it to his patients. It is increasing in importance, being constantly recommended by the eminent physician I consulted. Near the station there used to be a little rustic hotel, called, I presume, after primitive associations, 'The Bo-peep.' The humble inn had disappeared, and the great blazing railway tavern had made its appearance in its place. Hither late, spiritless, and weary, we came in our ignorance, since it was nigh at hand. Here I paused for a day or two, listlessly endeavouring, in my languid health, to look round for more suitable quarters. These were discovered, and I prepared for a move. I soon found out that our second-rate inn ambitiously achieved first-rate charges. I confess I was a little disgusted when, having paid a handsome item for attendance in the bill, it was explained to me that the charge had nothing to do with exonerating me from feeding the servants. Methought to myself,

'Little Bopeep has lost her sheep;'

or, as they render it in my favourite *Arundines Cami*,

'*Purva vagabundus Bopæpia perdidit oves.*'

I may be a stupid and inconsequent sheep—that I am by no means prepared to deny—but I certainly have an objection to being sheared after so unreasonable a fashion, and shall not intrust myself to that treacherous fold again.

At first I could scarcely move about. Like a wounded bird I feebly essayed a few hundred yards. I indulged in desultory flights of a quarter of an hour. To me, after my long confinement in my chamber through the wintry months, the scene of the fair heaven and earth and universal air sufficed. Enough that I could once more see the sinking sun send down great flashes of gold upon the evening waters. I moved about like a shadow in a dream world. The stately terraces and the gay promenade were to me little more than the mechanical effects of a panoramic entertainment. I vaguely wondered at the stalwart

frames, the lusty health, the ringing voices that encountered me. By-and-by these confused images began to arrange themselves in order. I increased the length of my excursions. Every day I brought home some fresh discovery. I found out that Hastings and St. Leonards are virtually all one place, that the two towns run into each other without the break of a single house. I saw in the well-dressed crowds and the rolling equipages that it was a gay and fashionable place. Furthermore, like a growing child I increasingly began to take notice of people and things. Faces have always had a special attraction for me, although the infirmity of short sight has to a great extent debarred me from this enjoyment. But I begin to recognize people and to classify them. It is my especial pleasure to watch how poor invalids gradually gather flesh and colour and strength, and seem almost transformed before me. Others there are whose walks grow fewer and their steps fainter. I look, I am sure, with most kindly feelings on the gay children of youth and pleasure enjoying with flushed and happy faces their walks and drives. I know by sight some noble-looking old men; some grave, kind matrons; some frank, gentlemanly-looking young fellows; some sweet-browed, gentle girls. But though I never exchange words, and only infrequently looks, I am pleased to meet them on the Parade, and I retire home with a sense of personal loss and inconvenience if these familiar faces have been absent. Moreover, relief and refreshment have come to me at welcome times, for which I own that I am deeply thankful. Was it nothing that my old college friend found me out and renewed the inexpressible pleasure and charm that abides about our college life, the life of the river and the wassail, of keen debate, of letters, and of art; the rich and rushing life when we caught 'the blossom of the flying terms'? Was it nothing that old friends, wafted by business or by pleasure, at times found me here, or that I had now the happiness of adding new friends to the old?

Was it nothing that I found a thoughtful, kind, medical friend—forgive me, Wilson, if I write your name—whose skill and care have helped, under a kind Providence, to restore me to return to my books and critic labours, I trust, a better-hearted and more charitable reviewer? I have now been able to survey the region, and I put down my observations in the hope that they will be fun to some and of interest to many more. And lest I should be thought a victim to one of those obscure diseases of the brain which Dr. Forbes Winslow writes about, and calls *Egomania*, I proceed at once to deal categorically with my subject.

I was not long in picking up a few general notions of the place, such as visitors gather, helped by miscellaneous guide-books and local histories and picture-books. That Hastings is one of the Cinque Ports—although it is not a port—that once upon a time there was a great battle here—although, by the way, it was not here, but six or seven miles off—were my first definite, or, rather, my first vague ideas. About this battle there have been pictures innumerable, and stories and poetry, not to mention the serious makers of a tragedy and an epic. Of course there is a romantic glen, and a dripping well, and a lover's seat, and a lover's leap, and other places of mingled topographical and amatory celebrity. The long range of houses fronting the sea has a very imposing effect, thanks to Mr. Burton, who raised the palaces round Regent's Park after the same plans. I was not surprised to learn that it is the finest marine parade in England, upwards of two miles long. The best part is called Eversfield Place, from the Eversfield family, who used to own the lands. In front of this at times a reef of green and black-looking rocks runs out into the sea, forming a natural breakwater. I was also given to understand that there were various churches, some of considerable architectural pretensions, and some quite the reverse, so that whether I was High Church, or Low Church, or Broad Church, my ecclesiastical taste could

be fully met. As a member of the Church Catholic I have gone to each, and, I trust, not in vain. There is a convent which has a picturesque and mediæval appearance, which of course implies also a Roman Catholic chapel. There are also an Ebenezer and a Zoar, belonging to our dissenting brethren. Above the cliffs are houses perched at a perilous altitude, which one would almost think a fierce north wind would cause to tumble over. Outlying the two towns are certain districts that may be said to belong to them, such as Tivoli, whose airy and Italian name is maintained by dancing and music in the summer evenings. Another is called Bohemia, an unsightly village, such as all the London Bohemians, if they made up their minds to migrate to the seaside, would inhabit. In the villages of watering-places poverty often looks graceful and contented, but in this queer hamlet with the queer name everything seems done in a coarse and repellent manner. But let the reader slip an imaginary arm in mine and take a stroll. First we will turn westwards and walk along the Marina. It extends from the arch that separates Hastings from St. Leonards, far away to the west, to the very confines of the last-named town. Eastward of the arch, a very crowded and fashionable neighbourhood, though within the limits of the borough of Hastings, belongs in fairness to St. Leonards, and is generally so accounted. Both places have increasingly flourished; but, according to the usual law, the west end, that is to say, St. Leonards, in a proportion of four to one as compared with Hastings. We proceed, therefore, westwards, passing three colonnades lined with prosperous-looking shops, that break the force of the western gales which blow down the Marina and afford a lounge in unseasonable weather. In one of the houses of the Marina our gracious Queen abode when she was princess. One day the horses of her carriage ran away. A gentleman who was passing succeeded in stopping them, and was subsequently made a baronet for his pains. But, observe the lady in that

donkey-chaise proceeding quickly along, with a gorgeous-looking flunkey bringing up the rear. That is her Majesty the ex-Queen of the French. She always patronizes that particular donkey-carriage, and very proud of the fact is the proprietor thereof. We often have celebrated people down here—a bishop or two, or judge, or ex-chancellor. All these splendid buildings which you are admiring—hotels, colonnades, libraries, assembly rooms, are of the most modern growth. Within living memory all this scenery was but out-of-the-way farm lands, with a population of about seventy souls. Within living memory, also, what is now Pelham Place—the gayest part of Hastings—used to be romantic rocks sloping down to the beach; but the rocks have been shattered by explosions of gunpowder in order to make room for the ‘improvements.’ We will, if you please, retrace our steps in the direction of Pelham Place. You will not fail to observe the various libraries and reading-rooms as we move along. A good deal of reading seems always to be going on, though not, I suspect, of any very heavy description. Again and again people are reading on the benches on the Parade, and positively here is a pretty girl walking on the pavement while she is reading a novel and shading it with her curls—running an imminent danger, my friend, of walking into your arms. There are a great number of proprietary and other libraries, including a literary society, two mechanics’ insitutions, a philosophical society, &c., and also a theological library, which an amiable clergyman who formerly held a living in the town of Hastings founded by a donation of his own books of divinity. Works of fiction have been subsequently admitted in addition, and the theological element has sunk completely into the shade. Passing along the shore, we come to the picturesque fish market, under the shadow of a stupendous cliff, alongside of which ships are stranded upon the beach after most primitive fashion. Every morning, somewhere between six and eight, there is an open market on the beach, where

the fishermen sell the fish they have brought home in their boats. Fish are then to be bought many times cheaper than at the shops in the course of the day; but as sales only take place of considerable quantities it must be a very large and very fish-eating family that attempts any commercial transactions. These fisheries are very extensive, but perhaps not so much so as they used to be. A boat has been known to bring in as much as twelve thousand mackerel, and the nets have even sunk with the quantities of fish. As a whole the gains are very precarious, and the fishermen are only a poor set of men. Sometimes they go out to sea in vessels that are ill fitted to sustain the fury of the equinoctial gales, and every now and then such a vessel is lost with all hands, and charitable visitors are asked to come to the help of the desolate widows and children. I have always found it worth while to cultivate an acquaintance with the rough-and-ready sailor, who, in return for a little grog and tobacco, will tell you plenty of stories, which, if not quite true, are quite amusing.

Not being destitute of archaeological tastes, I had some thoughts of making a collection of matters relative to the history and antiquities of the neighbourhood. I had proceeded but a very little way, before a book called 'Hastings, Past and Present,' came in my way. While on a flying visit to town I disinterred it at the British Museum, and I have in vain asked for it at the local libraries. It is only a guide-book, not a very ambitious kind of work, but I suppose there is a good way and a bad way of doing a guide-book, and this book—by a well-known authoress—appears to me a very model of excellence in its kind. It has supplied all the materials for Mr. Murray's 'Guide-book to Sussex,' and the uncommon degree of literary excellence indicates a thoughtful and accomplished mind. Acknowledging the hints I have gathered from this work, and recommending it to my readers as about the only good book on the subject, I proceed with my notes. The question that really lies at the

threshold of all discussion relating to these places is concerned with the sanative effects of the climate. I wish some able physician would write a work on the *Doctrine of Climate*, say, with a clear enunciation of distinctive principle and a sufficient apparatus of evidence. It is a subject on which much misconception prevails; and not professing to deal with the general question, I may make a few lay remarks on the climate of Hastings and St. Leonards, which possess some marked peculiarities. Rather I should say that there are three distinct climates. The warmest and most relaxing is that of Hastings, at least that portion of Hastings which is more immediately protected by the cliffs; but those whose health especially requires such a climate commit, I think, a mistake in coming to Hastings at all, since Torquay and other places in the west would be much better adapted to their peculiar needs. The situation of St. Leonards is more exposed, and consequently the climate is more bracing; while the place is almost shut in by cliffs, and the atmosphere is almost entirely marine. When through one of the interposed spaces you ascend to the altitude of the cliffs or surrounding hills, the pure fresh breezes of the Sussex Downs are stirring around you, and you find yourself in a third and very distinct climate. More rain falls in London than falls at Hastings, and Hastings is a dry place, as the porous soil quickly absorbs the moisture. The southerly and western winds waft a large supply of the vital oxygen, and the Gulf Stream brings a softened temperature from the Mexican regions. The chemists, M. Roubandi and M. Vogel, have experimented on and analysed the sea air. They report that the air on the sea-shore contains neither muriatic acid nor muriates; that particles of sea-water float in the air; and it is probable that this air contains a somewhat greater proportion of oxygen. I presume that these are the qualities which prove beneficial to consumptive patients, who form the majority of patients that resort here. At the same

time, I feel inclined to think that this benefit is mainly found in cases of abnormal health, and on visits of a very limited duration; and that, on the whole, an inland residence, as compared with a marine one, is probably the healthier of the two. In the case of consumption, unless a removal to the sea-side takes place at a very early period of the complaint, it is of doubtful value, and may even hasten the termination. When taken in time, it is a valuable remedy, but I am afraid it can scarcely be called curative. It seems that no corner of the world is secure from the dread disease. I believe that, on the whole, Madeira is by far the most favourable locality; but in Madeira itself the natives die of consumption.

To adopt the old adage, and begin at the beginning, I must go back to an earlier period even than the battle of Hastings. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, has published a dissertation, in which he contends that Julius Caesar attempted his landing at St. Leonards, and afterwards effected it at Pevensey. There are, probably, excellent arguments against this supposition, which indeed I understand is the case; but as a temporary denizen of St. Leonards I mean to assert and uphold the theory. The origin of the town of Hastings is lost in a dim antiquity. An ancient Danish viking, named Hasting, used to prey on and plunder the southern coast; and it has been supposed that from him the name was derived. Unfortunately, we have a charter of King Offa's which mentions the name of the town about a century previously. It seems to have possessed a mint in the Saxon and early Norman times, as is attested by a great variety of coins. The old castle, of which there are some interesting remains, is traced back to the legendary domain. The castle walls extend to the verge of the cliff. We still trace tower, portcullis, and sallyport, and the loopholes of the walls through which the besieged might reconnoitre or attack their foes. The area is laid out as a pleasure ground, which some years ago was the scene of a

lamentable accident. A party of young people belonging to a Wesleyan congregation were spending a merry afternoon in the castle grounds, when, in a moment of thoughtless excitement, a young fellow of the number leaped the low garden ledge, and in an instant was lying dead on the leads of the church below. The Hastings people think that William of Normandy landed there from St. Valery, for which, indeed, they have the authority of William of Malmesbury; but the Bayeux tapestry assigns the debarkation to Pevensey. This was in September, and the Normans must have subsisted on the harvest of the poor Sussex people. From Hastings William marched to the spot that is now Battle, about seven miles on, at that time probably without either house or trees, and only a rough heath and furze covered common. The poet Campbell, with true lyrical genius—and Campbell was essentially a lyric poet, and it is a million pities that he has not given us more lyrics—has seized this point of history for a stirring picture:—

'On each turf of the mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high mettled the blood in her veins.

'O'er hauberk and helm,
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown
Thence they looked on a realm,
And to-morrow beheld it their own.'

Campbell lived for five years at St. Leonards, and liked the place very much: he found that he enjoyed a better appetite and better spirits than in London. In one of his letters he amusingly says: 'I went three evenings ago to the Lover's Leap with three ladies of unimpeachable virtue, reputation, and beauty; and by making each and all of them swear that they would love me all their lives, and persuade their papas and mammas to come back to Hastings in the autumn, was persuaded by them not to jump over the precipice.' But I must not permit myself to be interrupted in the few historical remarks I have to make respecting Hastings. I imagine that the careful study of the Bayeux tapestry

with Mr. Collingwood Bruce's 'Elucidations,' would give the most vivid as well as the most accurate notion of the Norman invasion. Thierry is of course the great authority; and those who like to study history with the help of poetry should also read Henry Taylor's 'Eve of the Conquest.' How the Saxons amused themselves with feasting and reveling, while the wiser Normans passed the hours of night in devout prayer or calm meditation; how Duke William vowed that he would erect a free monastery on the field of battle for the salvation of all, and especially of those who should fall on the field of battle; how the English at first won the field, and afterwards, by the stratagem of a feigned flight, were thrown into disorder; how the conquerors passed the night on the field of battle; how the body of Harold was found amid the slain by Editha; how the stern duke refused to give it up, even for the weight in gold; how at last he was carried to Waltham Abbey, and there interred, are all set forth by chronicle or tradition. The Normans went to work in a hard, business-like way at plundering the country, and measured out the conquered lands by the rope. Hence we have the name of rape—such as the Rape of Hastings—which appears in Domesday, but not in any of the Anglo-Saxon laws.

I of course went over from St. Leonards, as is the manner of visitors, to see Battle Abbey. I may say at once that the expedition is a very disappointing one. To those who are superior to a very vulgar reason for going to a place—namely, to say that one has been there—it is hardly worth while to give up the best part of a day for the purpose. The object of such an expedition is not generally the ruined abbey or castle—a notion which is frequently a pretence and imposture—but the fun and flirtation of a picnic; cold birds and lobster salad, the sparkling champagne, or the less ambitious but more wholesome bitter beer. We, too, have been in Arcadia, and though we have attained to that steadiness of view that prefers the regular meals to those discursive

festivities, yet we love to think of the young and fair thus enjoying the good things of earth with a glad heart and a merry countenance. I remember my own buried summers; more radiant picnics than are ever celebrated now-a-days, and certainly by statelier ruins than this tame apology for an abbey, where the very ruins are irretrievably ruined. I remember Fountains Abbey—noblest specimen of Cistercian rule, rising like a grand vision evoked by unearthly music, like an embodied poem, like an architectural phantasy that might have visited you in a dream; and Bolton—thy fair domain and sacred reliquary columns visited by the murmurs of the Wharf, struggling down from the awful chasm that are heard still in the melodies of Wordsworth's exquisite poem of the 'White Doe;' and Furness, whither the railway bore across the wave-covered sands of Morecambe Bay, and worthy indeed of any pilgrimage; and Netley Abbey, fronting the fair Southampton Water. I will not continue the list; but I love all ancient abbeys, more beautiful in their ruins than they were ever stately in their pride: and here I record my vow that I will love them more and more, and visit them duly, and study their lore, and lay to heart their solemn teachings. Oh, those pillars on pillars, arches on arches, where all the winds of heaven streamed through vast lonely oriels, and swept over the open aisles where once the organ was sounding and censers swinging, and anthems pealing, and crowds adoring, while Nature, with her calm beneficent hand, weaves her festoons of wild flowers around the bases of the prostrate columns, and heals the unkindly wounds of man's lawless violence, and makes decay beautiful with exceeding beauty! A clear eye had the founders of those old monasteries for the rare and pleasant site. They chose the lands where the mould lay rich and deep, and low hills and overhanging woods screened their safe abode, and the trout stream purled along, suited for calm meditative hours and lazy summer afternoons, even such as the wise Verulam, 'the

master of those who know,' held alone of rivers to be salubrious, 'small, clear, and gravelly.'

That keen observer, Horace Walpole, has noticed the general rule in respect to these sites, and also the departure from it in the case of Battle. He speaks of Battle in his Letters. 'The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys; what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion house.' The genuine remains are of a very scanty description, and were it not that I am speaking of an abbey, should be passed over. I leave it to others to discuss the Early English, the Decorative, and the Perpendicular character of what now exists, merely pointing out that these undoubted varieties of architecture indicate in themselves the mongrel character of the buildings. The gateway has a noble tower, which probably dates so far back as the time of Edward the Third. The abbatial hall remains, and a curiously-vaulted room, probably the locutorium, where the monks received the visits of strangers; and it is not hard to indicate the remains of an old corridor, ranges of cloisters, oratory, refectory, sanatorium or library. In the northern part of the grounds excavations have been made which have disclosed the massive bases of columns belonging to a subterranean chapel, in the easternmost recess of which are the remains of an altar which stood exactly beneath the high altar in the choir of a church overhead. Tradition had always pointed out this spot as the scene of the death of Harold, to which the discovery of these remains lends some countenance. In the words of a local poet—Lord Thurlow, whose amiable attempts at literature strangely contrast with his rough and rugged legal sire—

'Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,

But dying, lay amidst his Norman foes.'

The place is, I imagine, not a good one for picnics. I do not think they would be allowed in the grounds, and the vicinity does not seem very enticing. There are other

and more favourite resorts for the festive summer. Hollington is such a one, noted for the picturesque situation of its church, secluded in the centre of a wood, and removed from any human habitation.

Hodiam Castle is twelve miles from Hastings. It is a perfect specimen of a moated fortress. A broad and deep moat, filled with water, surrounds the still perfect walls of the castle. This is nearly a square, with a round tower at each angle, and a square tower in the centre. We have still the great gateway, once protected by barbican and drawbridge. The spiked iron portcullis is still visible, and the perforations in the groined ceilings through which melted lead was poured on the assailants. It is situated on the side of the River Rother, a stream mentioned in the 'Faery Queen.' The north side is remarkable for a very musical echo, such as is very rarely met with. In the church are singular brasses, one of a man in armour, and another of a female figure in a shroud. This, then, is another of the show places in the neighbourhood of Hastings. Within the limits of a walk is an exceedingly pretty bit of scenery, Fairlight Glen. Young ladies of sensibilities termed gushing have shed a great deal of poetry on this favourite locality, some of which are pretty and promising enough. The broken sides of the watercourse are carpeted with that pretty plant, the golden saxifrage, green-leaved and yellow-blossomed. A little down the cliff, where either undercliff is clothed with copse-wood, and fronting a beautiful sea view, on a ledge of rock, is the Lover's Seat. The story is attached to this, which, as it is authentic enough in facts, names, and dates, may be here related.

Towards the close of the last century there resided at an ancient mansion at Elford, an ancient family of the name of Boys. They had an only child, a girl, the heiress of their considerable wealth. As is not unfrequently the case, the parents were morbidly afraid that she might be carried off by some fortune-hunter. The young lady was in delicate health, and was ordered to the seaside. Her parents were afraid of

Hastings, and liked Fairlight, a place where they might combine retirement and sea air. All precautions, however, proved abortive. Near the place there used to cruise a revenue cutter, the commanding officer of which, Lieutenant Lamb, used to come ashore to attend divine service on Sunday at Fairlight church. There he formed an acquaintance with Miss Boys, which, in the usual mysterious manner, ripened into a mutual attachment. When she went alone to seat herself on the cliff, and catch the health-wafting sea-breeze, the gallant lieutenant would put off from the cutter and climb the cliff, and meet his lady-love. Of course the attachment was discovered, and of course the old people disapproved. An elopement was the natural result. In due time Mr. and Mrs. Boys accorded their forgiveness and reconciliation to the impetuous young couple. I wish I could add the usual story formula, and say that they lived happily ever afterwards. But the issue of the tale is tragical. The lady died at the time of her first child, or shortly afterwards; her husband was faithful to her memory, and never married again. He was now able to keep a private cutter, a yacht of his own; and one day, in Southampton Water, the mainsail of the vessel, swung round by a stormy gust, knocked him overboard. He was never heard of again; and inasmuch as he was a good swimmer, it is inferred that he was stunned by the blow.

Thus far, my friend, in somewhat auctioneering fashion, I have reckoned up the beauties and celebrities of our neighbourhood. I now feel a little tired with 'promenading myself' on the beach. The weather grows very warm. The sun is high in the heavens. There is no screening shade. And though light airs are playing over the waters from the pleasant land of France, yet, shut in by these cliffs, the air is hot and oppressive. Come and let us climb the opposing heights where the free breezes course over the ridges of the downs. Now in the distance we see the town of Hastings nestling in the ravine. If we climb the next ridge we shall see the palaced West St.

Leonards stretching away almost to the curve of yonder bay. You can see new buildings everywhere arising, betokening the rapidity of the increase of the two towns. And what attracts all these people here? you ask. Why, my friend, some come here to dance and some to die. The place has its festive side and its funeral side. We have our balls—the Bachelors' Balls and the Subscription Balls; other public and many private balls. We have a Gentlemen's Club for Hastings and St. Leonards. Besides the regular populations, besides the flying visitors, who mostly honour us for the brief period between Saturday and Monday, in the summer vacation Pater et Materfamilias bring down their young brood; and when Parliament breaks up, sated fashionables and weary politicians come down to recruit their exhausted energies. For my own part, I like and approve of this pleasant stir of existence; and for the sake of the poor invalids who form such a large proportion of our society, it is to be wished that it were rather better managed, and brought closer home to them. Great as is the benefit which, without a doubt, is frequently derived from the air here, that benefit is often neutralized to a great extent by the fact that the visitor frequently exchanges a spacious home for a few apartments, and, instead of many friends, finds himself, save from accidental circumstances, destitute of society. We miss those chances of pleasant meetings so common at the spas of the Continent; and the frank and easy mode of life to be found in none of our watering places, except perhaps Harrogate, which, more than any other place with which I am acquainted, approaches pretty closely to the continental type. In some degree this defect is remedied in a quarter in which it is very desirable that such should be the case; namely, in the instance of poor ladies, who, for a very moderate payment, have pleasant and comfortable home and board provided for them, under the careful supervision of a committee of ladies. I know of nothing of a more sanatory and ameliorating nature than cheer-

ful and well-chosen society. It is the too-true assertion of Novalis, that every Englishman is an island; and this insularity operates unfortunately in the case of invalids who come to a strange place in search of health. Very many recover, and, as I have hinted, nothing is more delightful than to watch the gradual process of restoration. It would be well if those bore in mind, both the patient and the physician, the legend which the great Paris surgeon had inscribed on his laboratory: 'I dressed his wounds: God healed him.' Many others sink and gradually pass away from earth.

Many of the monuments in the churchyards have a peculiar impressiveness of their own. In the new cemetery almost a heartbreaking interest attaches to many. They are called away so very early—some brief twenty summers, a few more or less, being a very common record of the age. And while Hastings has emphatically that sanctity and melancholy which belongs to the last home of the consumptive, and which one feels so strongly at such places as Penzance, Lisbon, and Madeira, yet it very, very often appears in a hallowed and beautiful guise, from multiplied evidences of the frequent existence of calm submission, cheerful, reverent piety, serene unshaken hope. We find often that pure devotional spirit that breathes in that exquisite Christian lyric of Toplady's, 'Rock of Ages,' which at the last I know was so often on the lips of the Prince Consort. I will not quote the English, which must be familiar to many readers, but will give a part of the exquisite version of Mr. Gladstone, who has translated the lines after the rhymed Latin hymns of the Early Church:—

* Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero:
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quero immundus,
Nil laves, moribundus.
* Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Juxta inter nubes;
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latas.'

This is from a small volume of trans-

lations by Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Gladstone, 'In memoriam duplicum Nuptiarum,' published by Quaritch, but which, from the limited number of copies printed, can have little more than a private circulation. If a man is so fortunate as to lay his hand upon a copy, it is the kind of book with which he may very happily lounge away a lovely summer morning. The intense appreciation and pure poetical spirit which they display render the work very enjoyable: in scholarship and classical finish the palm, very decidedly, belonging to Lord Lyttelton. Mr. Gladstone excels in versions from modern languages into English; let me give, as a specimen of this, his translation of some German verses from 'Der Freischütz,' which our poor invalid may well lay to heart:

* Though wrapt in clouds yet still
The steadfast sun th' empyrean aways;
There still prevails a holy will;
'Tis not blind chance the world obeys:
The Eye Eternal, pure and clear,
Regards and holds all beings dear.
* For me too will the Father care,
Whose heart and soul in Him confide;
And though my last of days it were,
And though He asked me to his side,
His eye eternal, pure, and clear,
Me too regards and holds me dear.'

But let us stretch north-east across country, and get into the London road, which will reconduct us to Hastings. Those who first come into the town by this entrance cannot fail to be struck by the extreme picturesqueness of the approach. Formerly you passed through an avenue of trees, through whose arch you caught a glimpse of the blue sea, as of a fair picture set in its leafy frame; and though, for want of timely care, the beauty of the avenue has been sensibly diminished, yet the view still goes far to justify the boast of the old local history, that it forms 'a picture, both inland and marine, of almost unrivalled richness, harmony, and beauty.' Coming into the ancient High Street the homeliness and antiquity it exhibits contrast very strongly with the modern aspect and the fashionable stir and life of the new quarter. At the top of the street are the remains of an ancient house which, it is said, was once inhabited by the

notorious Titus Oates; at any rate, the entry of his baptism is found in one of the parish registers, and his father was rector of All Saints' in 1660. Two old churches, until a comparatively recent date the only churches in the town, All Saints' and St. Clement's, are situated in this neighbourhood. They are interesting old churches, especially St. Clement's, with its gray and massive tower. There is a noble passage in one of the volumes of Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' descriptive of old Calais Church, that may be applied, in almost identical terms, to this stern embattled tower, which has stood for nearly five hundred years the winds and waves of the Channel storms. One week-day I spent some time in the empty church, and there, among the mural tablets, I found a somewhat pompous announcement, that the dead man whom it commemorated had assisted in carrying the canopy at the coronation of Charles the Second. Ah me! And thus far we bring our pomps and vanities even to the sepulchre and the temple! That sacred sensualist, that royal rascal! And this poor man's descendants to contemplate with sublime satisfaction the imposing fact that their dignified ancestor's most honourable achievement in this life was to do honour to that weak bad king, that most foolish of all fools, the fool whom experience—and that the most wonderful—did *not* make wise. It is the privilege of the Cinque Ports that their barons should bear the pall at the royal coronations. The pulpit of St. Clement's used to be bedizened with some of the fribble finery of the canopy. A more honourable trophy is to be found in two cannon balls embedded in the south side, fired on the town by the French and Dutch in 1720. On other occasions Hastings has been exposed to hostile attacks. In the time of Richard the Second the town was burnt down by the French; and Bishop Patrick, in his 'Autobiography,' speaks of the panic at Hastings when the French fleet was hovering about the Sussex coast: some shipping was burnt and some people killed in their houses. Our own civil wars passed lightly over the place.

One or two random incidents are related. A vessel was stationed at Hastings to convey Charles the First to France, in case he succeeded in getting over here from Carisbrook Castle. This was through Mr. Ashburnham, who had a seat in the neighbourhood. One Sunday during the wars a troop of Parliamentary horse came into the town, and the curate of All Saints', knowing they would apprehend him, broke off in the middle of the service, and ran away and hid himself in a wood. That night some soldiers bivouacked in the church, and one of them got into the pulpit and preached to his fellows; but subsequently either the preacher or one of the congregation stole the surplice belonging to the church.

We are so very proud of the impregnability of England that we are apt to imagine that we have been always free from invasion, and shall never incur its risks. A collection of the various occasions on which our country at different points has suffered invasion would tend to modify this impression. The thought occurs to me, Suppose that there should ever be a second Battle of Hastings, and that, like the first, the issue of this battle should be fortunate to foreign arms. Again the invaders would at once march upon London, at the present time utterly destitute of proper defences, and the richest city in the world would afford a sack as memorable as that of Rome or Antwerp. In our national arrogance we cannot conceive such disastrous events; but I believe that the military critics of the Continent are quite agreed on the perfect possibility.

Forgive this digression, *lector benevole*, and imagine that it is part of my conversation as we move down the High Street.

Yonder, in the side of the East Hill is the Minnis Rock, where many years ago there used to be a cross, cut out of the rock, in the middle of the cavern, and a niche for the image of a saint, betokening that it had once been the site of a hermitage or abode of a rigid anchorite. On the side of the opposite hill are St. Clement's Caves. These were originally

excavated for the purpose of obtaining sand, and, it is said, were much used by smugglers as storehouses. They are now regularly illuminated for visitors. Charles Lamb, who was down here, and who writes about the place in the 'Essays of Elia' after his own whimsical fashion, thought he detected the smugglers. 'There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue—an abstraction I never greatly cared about.'

About East Cliff House a story may be read in Nichols' 'Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century,' about a conceited humorist, who lived here in solitary grandeur for the summers of twenty years. In the Corporation Town Hall is a shield taken from the gates of Quebec, and presented to the town by the first British Governor of Canada, who was a native of Hastings. On the Marine Parade is one of the captured Russian guns.

We are now again by the sea-side. Here the base of the cliff has been excavated, and the upper part, to a considerable extent, removed, where Pelham Crescent has been formed, and in the centre is the chapel of St. Mary in the Castle. The names of several ancient churches are preserved which are believed to have been washed away by the sea, which has made considerable encroachments. If it is low water, you may see children and some grown-up people busy on the sands and reefs for shrimps, prawns, and mussels; and if it is high water, and there happens to be a rough wind, the waves dash against the stone seawall, and send up columns of spray, which sometimes reach across the parade in the rear, of the height of the first series of fountains in the grounds of the Crystal Palace.

Formerly there was no direct road between Hastings and St. Leonards. What is now neat White Rock Place was then the white rock alone, an impassable cliff. The land was a kind of No Man's Land, and called the Desert, making up the parish of

Holy Trinity, the population of which was then nine souls, although the same parish has now both a handsome church and a crowded congregation.

When her present Majesty and the Duchess of Kent came to St. Leonards, there was then no road, and the procession which conducted them was obliged to pass over Cuckoo Hill.

On the shore are the traces of a submarine forest—a wood buried in the sands. A particular tide discloses a black-looking deposit of decayed boughs and foliage, in which is embedded timber of considerable size; and many hazel nuts, quite perfect, are also found. In reference to this I may add that only the other day some curious fossils were found in the Hastings sands; and similar tripod markings are also to be found in softer shaly strata to the west of St. Leonards. These three-toed footprints were supposed to have been made by some gigantic bird; but it is considered more probable that they belonged to huge amphibious reptiles, the same that the palace at Sydenham has made so familiar—the *Iguanodon*, *Hylaeosaurus*, and *Megalosaurus*—that haunted the muddy lagoons and alluvial flats of which the Wealden formations—which include the 'Hastings Sands'—once consisted.

We now pass into St. Leonards, feeling annoyingly the north wind that sweeps down the unbuilt side of Warrior Square, and hoping that the place will be speedily completed. I shall not describe the grounds and buildings of St. Leonards any further, beyond quoting a sentence from poor Theodore Hook's 'Jack Brag':—

'Jack was amazed upon his arrival in that splendid creation of modern art and industry, St. Leonards, which perhaps affords one of the most beautiful and wonderful proofs of individual taste, judgment, and perseverance that our nation exhibits. A desert has become a thickly-peopled town. Buildings of an extensive nature and most elegant character rear their heads where but a few years since the barren cliffs presented their chalky fronts

to the storm and wave; and rippling streams and hanging groves adorn the valley which, twenty years since, was a sterile and shrubless ravine.

There is one place in the vicinity of St. Leonards which I would not wish to pass over in silence; I mean Herstmonceux. Herst is really the familiar Saxon word *Hyrst*, meaning a wooded place or grove, and Monceux was the name of one of its lords. The great object of attraction is the Castle. It was formerly the most perfect specimen of the mansion of a feudal lord to be found in the south of England. Horace Walpole gives a minute description of the castle as it existed in his time. It was of great magnitude, consisting of three courts; moated, but the moat was laid out in gardens; a bewildering number of galleries and private winding staircases; drawbridges, which Walpole describes as 'romantic to a degree; and a dungeon that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage;' a chapel, with cloisters; round towers, with watch-towers on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of arrows from long bows. In Walpole's day it was as perfect as when it was first built, in the time of Henry the Sixth. But the Goths and Vandals have been at work. Wilberforce, writing to Lord Muncaster, in 1810, reports that it was pulled down to build a new house, which, it is satisfactory to know, cost twice as much as would have sufficed for the necessary repairs of the castle. It is now only an ivy-covered ruin.

But if the castle were at its very best now, to me it would only be an object of minor consideration. Herstmonceux is bound up with the memory of two men who have strongly influenced modern thought, and have conciliated for themselves the strongest personal feelings of interest and regard—John Sterling and Julius Hare. Sterling's chief influence is mediate and indirect, through the renowned Sterling Club at Cambridge, and his biography by Thomas Carlyle. For a brief period in his fitful life he was curate of Herstmonceux. It was a strange vagary

that led him to take orders. He would have done better if, like his father, he could have thundered in the 'Times,' or have devoted himself exclusively to writings as brilliant as he contributed in 'Blackwood.' He was one of that order of men whom Mr. Bouverie's Act sought to set free from the obligations which they once unwisely contracted. Poor Sterling, amid shifting speculations, was never able to find a resting-place for the sole of his foot. The delicate-chested man went to clime after clime, to escape the English Ventnor, till, while helping a servant to move a table, he broke a blood-vessel, which induced a more rapid decline. What a strange letter was that he wrote to Carlyle, when slowly dying under the cliff of Ventnor! 'Dying was not a hundredth part so bad as people thought it. He knew not whether he was going, but,' he adds, 'if I can do anything for you THERE, Carlyle, I will.'

If Sterling always seems to me an example of a maimed, fragmentary, and unhappy life, the life of Julius Charles Hare appears to have been as serene, rounded, and blessed an existence as ever adorned humanity. He was one of the authors of 'Guesses at Truth,' in which the authors so often guessed rightly. He did his work nobly and completely; and of inestimable value has his teaching proved to many. 'If any foreigner landing in England,' says a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'had asked where he should find the man best acquainted with all modern forms of thought here or on the Continent; where he should find the most complete collection of the philosophical, theological, or historical literature of Germany; where he should find profound and exact scholarship combined with the most varied and extensive learning; what would have been the answer? Not in Oxford—not in Cambridge—not in London. He must have turned far away from academic towns or public libraries to a secluded parish in Sussex, and in the minister of that parish he would have found what he sought. He would have found such a one there; he would now find such a one no more. For such was Julius

Hare, late rector of Herstmonceux and archdeacon of Lewes.'

After one has resided here for a considerable time he becomes acquainted with the internal politics of the local world, the circles within circles, the wheels within wheels, the sets and cliques that make up the *tragi-comedy* of a provincial town. The visitor, however, like the *Lucretian* philosopher who found it so pleasant to watch the storm-tost sea from his rock, looks with equal complacency upon the metaphorical and physical billows. The municipal mind is at present agitated on the question of erecting a harbour. The owners of house property seem opposed to the notion. Lodgings are very dear, but house-rent is very dear, and the owners more than the occupiers prosper with the prosperity of the place. These, then, say that if we have a harbour, the visitors will run over to France. They say—with what degree of justice or injustice I am not prepared to affirm—that since Dover has become a port it has been ruined as a watering-place. The answer to all this is, that the harbour would be the means of saving a good deal of valuable property, and a great many valuable lives. I think that the lives of the poor industrious fishermen ought to weigh down the scales against merely selfish considerations, supposing—which I doubt—that those interests would be injured. The fiscal prospects of such an undertaking appear to be good enough.

Amid all our fashionable amusements, our elegant trifles, our fair and well-ordered English life, every now and then we discover that there are lava fires which underlie the outer crust of exterior comfort and respectability. Here, as everywhere else, we hear tales or surmises of guilty deeds, of the ebullition of lawless passions. One week especially we supped full of horrors. Several violent deaths occurred almost at once. One man deliberately walked into the sea, and was drowned. Another man, an Italian gentleman, either about love or money, cut his throat. A helpless infant was found dead, exposed upon a doorstep.

Besides this, a member of the rifle corps was accidentally drowned while skating. The Happy Valley is nowhere to be found.

I have mentioned some literary notices respecting this vicinity, and it would not be difficult to multiply them. I might go back as far as Drayton's '*Polyolbion*,' and Taylor, the water-poet. While Lord Byron was down here, he was one day seen by a Mrs. Shepherd on the rocks, and the pious lady committed to paper a prayer on his behalf, which, after her decease, was communicated to Lord Byron by her husband. Byron, in reply, preferred this prayer to 'all the fame which ever cheated humanity with higher notions of its own importance.' 'I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head.' I am afraid that Byron writes a little too rhetorically to be altogether sincere.

One March a Colonel Elliot took possession of Pelham Cottage for a brief sojourn. The bearer of this name was no less a person than the present Emperor of the French. He embarked at Folkestone the same summer for the attempt at Boulogne. Time passed, and Louis Philippe was living here for a time as an exile, and was visited both by Guizot and Thiers.

Some of the greatest heroes of our history have made their abode here. Such a one was Canning, who used to resort to a cottage at Ecclesbourne, within a mile of Hastings. The Duke of Wellington commanded a body of troops down here in 1806, and took up his abode here with his bride on the very day of his marriage.

Besides those great individuals whose visits we know of, and which, after the manner of provincial towns, we reverently cherish, there have doubtless been many other visits of the kind, which have escaped the chroniclers of local memorabilia. But these poor great people are, doubtless, too happy to get away to the sea-side for a quiet time, to care about being greatly lionized

by those who chronicle *vin ordinaire*. But my interest and sympathies are much more with the nameless many than the eminent few. Now and then we catch glimpses of some story of private sorrow, which, if set down by the hand of some great genius, might hold an admiring world in laughter or in tears for ages. The delicate, consumptive maiden, the happy bride, looking so unconscious through her blushes; the broken-down clergyman, the sated worldling—such suggest materials enough for dramatic and for tragic interest.

But my limits warn me to conclude. I do so with a feeling of gratitude and affection for the place, and, like poor Mogridge, breathe my benediction upon all, from the barons of the Cinque Ports to the poor fishermen who dry their nets upon the beach. It is, perhaps, the brief

sojourner of a time that most largely profits by a seasonable stay. The poetry of the mountains and the sea almost appear to pall upon the continual denizen, unless it be some kind nature, like Wordsworth at Rydal, or Tennyson at Freshwater. But in crowded street or dusty library, the sights and sounds of the sea are ever welcome to him who has tasted a while of its repose and change. To him, ever fresh is the unflinching choir of the modulated waves; to him, ever fresh the lights, pure and splendid, of rising and of setting suns. In its simplest, as in its deepest sense—

* Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sporting on the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

F. A.

THE LONDON RUFFIAN.

MORAL, like physical diseases, are sometimes epidemic, and exhibit peculiar changes of modes and conditions at different periods of observation. Many of them, varying but slightly from the forms in which they originally presented themselves, receive new names, not always the result of fresh discoveries, but arbitrary, and often accidental. The panic which has led ordinary people to attribute all robberies with violence to 'the garrotters' began, indeed, with the discovery that the ruffians of the metropolis had adopted the partial strangulation of their victims as a ready and silent method of rendering them insensible; but the panic itself bears an exaggerated importance when compared with the number of actual strangulations which have occurred since the term 'garrotte' was applied to this mode of proceeding.

That the application of the word was an arbitrary one, may be gathered from the circumstance that while one exponent represents the

London Ruffian as having learned this peculiar art from his warders on board the hulks, who reduced the most refractory to immediate subjection by a scientific hug, another will insist that the evil originated with the newspapers, which in 1851 contained detailed accounts of the execution of General Lopez in the Havanah, and minutely described the *garotta*, a collar of steel, which, fastened to the back of a heavy chair, and working like a tourniquet, is the Spanish instrument of execution.

It would be well for quiet people, who have readily taken up and repeated the first notes of the garrotte panic, to examine, as they may, how many of the recent robberies with violence were actually accompanied by any scientific method. Leaving out those cases in which the victim was simply seized by the throat (by no means a modern method of attack), there will be few instances of that careful preparation, anatomical accuracy of adjusting the 'wrist-bone' to 'the apple of the throat,'

and immediate paralysis of the victim, which have made the name *garrotter* a terror to half London, and have given the dealers in 'lethal weapons' an opportunity for clearing out their old stock.

There are three other considerations which must be weighed against the reiterated warnings of the seeming bold and the lamentations of the really fearful. First, the usual increase of robbery attended with more or less violence during the dark winter nights; secondly, the dearth of some good sensation subject for newspaper articles which should have an immediate and personal interest; thirdly, that at a period of distress, whether it be in London itself, or at any part of the country from which a great part of the usual charitable provision for the poor is diverted, the number of criminals will be increased, not from the poor working classes, but still from amongst them; not by the conversion of the working members of families into thieves, but from the 'black sheep' of those families, the lazy, hulking scoundrels who are only to be kept within the pale of the law while they can live upon the hard earnings of their relations, who, failing these, transplant themselves to the London hotbeds of vice, and blow rapidly into flower as betting men, card and skittle sharpers, shoplifters, or the robbers of timid women and weak or drunken men.

With respect to the additional panic which seems to accompany the fact of many of the depredations being the work of ticket-of-leave men, it may be remarked—without entering into the merits of the 'leave' system—that there can be no more danger in being robbed by a man who has been in prison, and still has the shadow of the prison hanging over him, than by him who, never having been convicted, gains a ruffianly impunity from unchecked success.

The mere fact of a felon having served only five years instead of seven can make so inconsiderable a difference in his ultimate course, that, if the ticket-of-leave be accepted as a reason for the prevalence of crime, there is no way out

of an inevitable difficulty but either the utter riddance of convicted criminals once and for ever, or the exacting of the full term, and the provision of some after-employment which shall enable the reformed convict to retrieve his position. The garrotte panic will have done a good work if it should help on a more thorough administration of the law and a revision of the system of criminal punishments: it will have effected something if it should be found that it has frightened people into inquiry; but the result of that inquiry will be the discovery of absurd assertions on the part of the alarmists which even the absence of any other topic of stirring interest will fail to justify. Of these one of the most frequently repeated has been that we are drifting back into that state of society when peaceable men are forced to carry 'lethal' weapons for their protection, and it was impossible to walk through even the best of the London thoroughfares after nightfall without the danger of encountering a band of villains and cut-throats who pursued their nefarious work unmo-
lested.

Before adopting this canting formula, it would be worth while to understand its meaning, and, by even slightly tracing the progress of improvement, to recognize the real difference between the old and the new metropolis—nay, even between the London of the year 1800 and the London of to-day. Glancing here and there through the pages of such records as have been preserved of the means for public protection during the last 150 years, it would be difficult to discover a period when an armed community was effective in maintaining its ground against the London Ruffian,—nay, it may be broadly stated that the fashion of bearing arms made ruffians of many noisy and quarrelsome fellows who would, under other circumstances, have led moderately peaceable lives, and at the same time introduced a general disrespect for and mistrust of the law, which was thus shown to be insufficient to provide for the general safety. It was then, as it is now, against

the feeble or the imprudent that the thieves and cut-throats directed their attacks; and it may be doubted whether the possession at any time of a weapon which a man is unable to use, or which may be wrested from him and turned against himself, is a very desirable condition of existence.

Allowing the descriptions of old London which have been handed down to us to become, mentally, the scene of such pictures of the state of public safety as have become matters of history narrated by eye-witnesses, we are led to wonder, not that we should have gained so little, but that we should have attained so much in the way of improvement, especially when it is considered that the very people who are most ready to adopt the first outcry of a panic are also, by their very excess of timidity, the first to see danger in innovation. There are probably few of those who have lately been affecting to compare the present safety of London with the condition of the metropolis in a past age who would care to go so far back as those very good old times before the accession of that butcherly monarch, so admired for his bluntness, King Henry VIII. London streets had been for a long time before that the scene of such sanguinary conflicts as arose out of the civil wars and the pretensions of great rival houses; but even when peace was restored, and mourning, bleeding, and oppressed England became, as is sometimes insisted on, the 'merrie England' which had been its characteristic in that still more remote good old time when nobody could say his soul was his own,—even then the pictures of London streets are far from reassuring to the craven doubter who still sees flame and brand and faggot through the rose-coloured medium of later years.

In West Cheap of the City of London, in the year 1510, a great crowd is assembled, for it is the night of the festival of St. John the Baptist, and in the space under the City wall hard by Ludgate a great bonfire has been lighted as well as that one which, flaring in front of

the Cathedral of St. Paul, sickens upon the pinnacles and buttresses, and is reflected from the neighbouring houses. The streets are lighted up with oil-lamps of glass over the doorways of the houses, sometimes with a cluster of them hanging to an iron stanchion; cakes and ale are plentiful in the streets, and the balconies are filled with musicians and gay company. The 'young, lusty, and courageous prince' has become king, and now, in the disguise of one of his own guard, stands by the Cross in Cheap to see the festival and to wait for the passing of the marching watch, whose approach is heralded by the glare from seven hundred cressets. Two thousand men—both horse and foot men—archers, pikemen, demi-lances, and gunners, are followed by the constables of the watch, armed and glittering with rich trappings, each attended by his esquire and cresset-bearer and his minstrel; a crowd of dancers; and, finally, the Lord Mayor. As the cavalcade passes, the king may well wonder at and admire the bravery of the City Watch. But this is a festival night—the warlike array a holiday pageant—the watch itself a collection of citizens, some of whom have seen service in the wars, and other adventurous 'blue cloaks,' who delight in the cry of 'clubs,' and would as soon raise a riot as help to quell one. The festival is over, and on the next evening the City lies in darkness, only made more gloomy by the lanterns which have been hung out here and there, or the single cresset of pitchy rope, to show the cut-purse where he may best find a lurking-place.

Seventy-two thousand thieves did the bluff hero hang during his happy reign—a bold and definite course of procedure, to which some alarmists would even now revert. And, indeed, it is admitted by the chronicler that 'he seemed for a while greatly to have terrified the rest;' but it is added, since his death the number of them is so increased, that, except some better order be taken, or the law already made be better executed, such as dwell in uplandish towns and

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little villages shall live but in small safety and rest.' This being the state of things, there is little wonder that the marching watch is eventually altogether abolished, and that the streets, dangerous after night-fall, are intrusted to the care of a few regular constables, entirely insufficient even to protect themselves from attack.

It is seven years since the king stood at the Cross in West Cheap and saw the watch go by. Another festival is coming, for it is the eve of May Day, and the great shaft of Cornhill lies in its place in the open space by the Church of St. Andrew, not far from Aldgate, waiting to be decked with flowers for the coming morning. There is a bonfire in Chepe, and the apprentices are playing at bucklers; but the principal citizens are uneasy, for the Lord Mayor has come in hot haste from Court, where he has heard from the cardinal of some plot of these apprentices to make an attack upon the foreign merchants who have settled in the City. The Under-Sheriff counsels that none of the apprentices shall be suffered to be in the streets after nine of the night; and after much argument, fear, and confusion, the assembly breaks up, and the citizens go home to turn the bolts upon their servants until the May Day morning.

But they are still in Chepe playing at bucklers; the alderman of that ward rushes in amongst them to stop them; they pay no attention to him, and when his sergeants break through and take some of them away towards the Compter the rest shout, 'Clubs!' 'Clubs!' There is no marching watch to stay them, the streets fill at the signal, and the dreaded mischief is heralded by a shout of 'Down with the Lombards!' Hither and thither through the dark and ill-paved streets, down the broader thoroughfares of Leaden-hall, Aldgate, and Whitechapel the crowd press on: the foreign workmen have already heard of the threatened danger, and have fled for their lives; but their houses and shops are rifled and their merchandize destroyed. Certain prisoners have been consigned to Newgate for

ill-using the strangers. The last mad act of the 'blue cloaks' is to break open the prison and carry their comrades away with them back to the great May-pole. All heated and flushed with their wild night's work, the mighty shaft is reared with a mad shout, and stands a bare and silent monument of their folly. Armed men pour in upon the weary and struggling crowd, which dwindles as the boom of the Tower guns drowns the noise of the shouting.

It is Thursday, the 22nd day of May; fifteen of the rioters have paid the penalty with their lives; the Duke of Norfolk has invested the City with fourteen hundred armed men; and four hundred prisoners, amongst whom are eleven women, are being driven up to Westminster with halters round their necks to sue for their lives with the king, who is sitting there in state. They obtain their pardon; but the great shaft of St. Andrew will never be reared again after the Evil May Day of 1517.

James I. is King of England, and the streets, in which coaches run with difficulty—the said coaches being little better than mere waggons—are narrow and ill-paved, except the main thoroughfares which lead to the western end of London, where the Court is still held at Whitehall. These streets are mostly lighted at night by the lanterns which the law ordains shall be hung from the windows from sundown until nine o'clock; and that the people may not neglect this lighting of their houses, without which no one could see his way over the loose stones and the great holes full of mud shadowed by the overhanging gables, the watchmen go round to see that it is done: these same watchmen, few in number, and men of no great prowess, themselves carrying a light and calling the hour when they are not asleep in some deep doorway. Men still carry arms; and the courtiers especially, who have been in the wars or serving with the English auxiliaries in the Netherlands, use formidable weapons.

One of these, a right gallant gen-

tleman, is now riding towards Whitehall, followed by two lackeys. It is Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who has but lately recovered from a fever, and has written a book which is full of philosophy, and, as some say, irreligion. He professes, however, not to see grounds for believing in revelation, and may be said to abandon the supernatural and miraculous in favour of the general and universal principles of rational instinct, to confirm which views he has written a treatise; but not being assured of its usefulness, seeks by prayer a direct communication from heaven, which shall, as it were, miraculously attest the truth of his conclusions.

Have a care, my lord, for, though you are a brave and gallant gentleman, an unknown danger is near you; there is no watch set in Scotland Yard for the disturbers of the public peace, but there is one there who, with four armed ruffians, seeks your life. You must best know what cause for jealousy you have given Sir John Ayres, but without doubt he means to be avenged.

My lord rides on slowly till he reaches the hither end of Whitehall, when his antagonist rushes out upon him with sword and dagger, but only stabs his horse in the briskeet, and a second time on the shoulder. Lord Herbert's sword flashes out; but it seems that Sir John Ayres will have him down upon the ground to murder him, for the four men all come up and begin to stab the horse afresh, keeping out of reach of the rider's arm. The horse plunges and lashes out with his hoofs, but my lord cannot strike at Sir John, who wards off his blows with sword and dagger. Lord Herbert's sword is broken to within a foot of the hilt, and some passenger who knows him advises him to ride away—advice which he will not follow on any terms whatsoever, but attempts to alight. No sooner has he placed one foot on the ground than the cowardly Sir John makes at him, and the horse swerving while his foot is yet in the stirrup he falls to the ground. Sir John hereupon runs round the horse, and is about to plunge his

sword into his lordship's body when the gallant gentleman, who is still lying on the ground, seizes him by the legs and throws him backward on his head. Fortunately, one of my lord's footmen (a little Shropshire boy) runs up and frees his foot from the stirrup, and both the antagonists are on their feet at the same moment, one of them with only the stump of a sword, and hard beset by four or five men at once. He rushes down upon Sir John, however, who, knowing that the weapon is broken, and expecting a blow upon the head, again guards with sword and dagger, but receives a home thrust in the middle of the breast, so that he falls to the ground once more.

A Glamorganshire gentleman and a gentleman from Scotland join the affray on the weaker side, and closing with two of Sir John's lackeys, take them off at once. Meanwhile Lord Herbert is doing his best with the other three; and as Sir John comes on, puts aside a thrust with his left hand, and receives in return the dagger in his ribs; he forces away his enemy's hand, however, and the dagger is still sticking in the wound.

This is Sir Henry Carey who snatches it out at the moment that my lord closing with Sir John, and throwing him down, kneels astride his body, and strikes him with his remnant of a sword, nearly cutting off his left hand. All this time the two remaining ruffians are slashing at my lord, who, notwithstanding his rational instinct, discovers a belief in a particular Providence, and attributes his safety to a miraculous interposition, which enabled him to bear off their blows by the very action of raising his sword to strike his enemy.

This fight, carried on in the precincts of the Court, and witnessed by a number of gentlemen, will result in the dangerous illness of Lord Herbert, and the disgrace of his dastardly opponent; but although the Lords of the Privy Council will apprehend Sir John Ayres, there will be no improved protection against violence at present.

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Monarch and his merry Court. Life at Whitehall is typified by the Great Plague, whose taint fills London streets, and can only be burnt out by fire. That fire has raged, and filled the citizens with terror, and smouldered out, and left a great part of London in ruins. The builders are set to work; the Court resumes its interrupted pleasure. Mr. Chiffinch has an audience, and the king goes to the play, where he sees Nell Gwynn, and is temporarily consoled for Plague and Fire. While the new streets are being built, the old ones remain narrow, dirty, and ill paved, and the whole town is infested with rogues and vagabonds, who form communities and band themselves into regular colonies. The principal of these is in Whetstone Park, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a neighbourhood so infamous that the London apprentices are already forming a determination to make an attack upon some of the most notorious houses. The Merry Monarch's three sons were there on a Sunday morning, the 26th of February, 1671, on 'a frolic,' which ended in the murder of a beadle of the watch for daring to interfere in the amusements of the royal ruffians.

'Then fell the beadle by a ducal hand
For daring to pronounce the saucy 'stand.'

Yet shall Whitehall, the innocent, the good,
See these men dance, all daubed with lace and blood.'

says the rhyming chronicler, referring to the fact of a state ball having been deferred in consequence of this mishap.

Not only do such lawless brawlers make the streets dangerous, by beating feeble men and insulting delicate women, but thieves and impostors infest every place of public resort. The 'Ruffians,' who pretend to be old soldiers wounded in the royal cause at Naseby, Edgehill, Newbury, or Marston Moor; the 'Anglers,' who carry a long stick terminating in an iron hook, with which they draw goods from carriages, open windows, or exposed doorways of shops; 'Wild Rogues,' or boys who cut off the gold buttons from the coats of fine gentlemen, or creep through

cellar windows to open houses for their confederates; 'Palliards,' or clapper dogeons, women who sit in doorways with borrowed or stolen children; 'Fraters,' who go about with forged patents for briefs, and thus collect money 'for charitable purposes;' 'Abram-men,' who, under the pretence of madness or idiotcy, are incorrigible pilferers; 'Whip-Jacks,' or sham sailors, who pretend that they have been shipwrecked; 'Mumpers,' or sham parsons, whose plea is the sequestration of their benefice; 'Patricos,' or strolling hedge priests, who are the rogues' chaplains, and may be said to be the very rogues of rogues, inasmuch as they live upon other impostors,—all these are mingled with the gay company who are going to see Mr. Dryden's new play; and as the coaches stick fast in the mire, or refuse to budge over the broken road, the inmates are besieged, threatened, and insulted by a crowd of wretches who cannot be distinguished by the pale flicker of the solitary street lamp, and whom even the flaring torches of the lackeys fail to drive away. Not only in Whetstone Park but in Alsatia the London Ruffian holds his own. That festering sore of Whitefriars has been the City's plague since the days when James I. gave the inhabitants that charter which protected them from imprisonment for debt. Now no bailiff dare show himself within its precincts, and unlucky wayfarers decoyed into its mazes are stripped and turned out bruised and naked. Here the full-blown ruffian and the tavern bully swear and swagger in ragged finery; and here the peaceable citizens shall be in danger till the foul nests are cleared and the birds of prey take flight from the troops of William the Third.

It is the night of the 9th of December, 1692, and the theatres are just closing. Before a house in Howard Street, which branches from Norfolk Street, in the Strand, two men are waiting (one of them with his sword drawn), and drinking a bottle of canary, which they have sent for to the Horse-Shoe tavern in Drury Lane.

Within the house there is great

fear and confusion, for it is the lodging of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous actress, who lives there with Mrs. Dorothy Brown. For some time past she has been watched and harassed by one Captain Richard Hill, who professes a great passion for her, and sits brooding moodily in the pit of the theatre every night, inwardly cursing William Mountfort, who plays *Alexander* to her *Statira*; and although a married man, and with no pretensions to the charming actress, has aroused by his simulated tenderness the jealousy of the ruffian who has determined to have his life, stimulated thereto by that titled bully Lord Mohun. On this December night they have attempted to carry off Mrs. Bracegirdle by force, and after watching for a whole day have stationed a coach at the Horse-Shoe, in Drury Lane, at the same time hiring *six soldiers* to force her into it, for she has been supping at Mr. Page's, in Princes Street. This part of their scheme has miscarried, however, for while Mohun stayed in the coach, Hill and one or more of the soldiers, in endeavouring to seize their victim, encountered the opposition of Mrs. Brown, who seized her friend round the waist, and of Mr. Page, who was escorting both of them home, and received a wound in the hand. The screams of the women brought a crowd, and Lord Mohun, stepping out of the coach, insisted on accompanying the actress to the house in Howard Street, whither she was escorted by Mr. Page, who remains at the place for her protection, since Mohun and Hill are still standing in the street, swearing to have Mountfort's life, but unable to obtain admission to Mrs. Bracegirdle, of whom they pretend that they wish to ask pardon. A messenger has just been sent to Mrs. Mountfort, waiting for her husband's return at their house in Norfolk Street, warning her of his danger; she, in her turn, has sent to all the places at which he may call on his way home, but nothing has been heard of him. The brace of ruffians still swagger in the road, and in reply to the watch, who ask

them what they are doing, Lord Mohun says they are drinking a bottle of wine, taking care to inform them, at the same time, that he is a 'peer of the realm.'

The worthy watchmen, having great discretion, have retired to the tavern in Drury Lane to 'examine who they are,' and the dim lights just serve to show a man coming easily up the street humming a tune. Mrs. Brown, who is standing with the door half open, strives to warn him, for she knows the foot-step and the figure to belong to Mountfort.

It is too late, however, or her warning is disregarded; the actor recognizes the peer.

'Your humble servant, my lord,' he says, not without some surprise at seeing Hill's attitude.

'Your servant, Mr. Mountfort. I suppose you were sent for?'

'No, indeed; I came by chance.'

'You have heard of this that hath fallen out between Mr. Hill and Mrs. Bracegirdle?'

'I know nothing of the matter; but I am sorry to see that your lordship should assist Captain Hill in so ill an action as this. I pray your lordship to forbear.'

Before he has time to say more Hill gives him a blow upon the ear, and, as both spring to the middle of the road, passes his sword through the unfortunate actor's body, wounding him mortally before he has time to draw in defence. The captain takes to flight, for, although there is at present nobody to stay him, the Duchy Watch are coming that way, and to them Lord Mohun surrenders himself. He will be tried for his life, but acquitted for want of sufficient evidence: but 'he that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword;' and years afterwards the body of Lord Mohun, the noted duellist and polished scoundrel, shall be carried home to his house in Gerrard Street, where his lady will be very angry at having her best bed made bloody.

It is the year 1712, and we have been walking up Fleet Street towards Charing Cross. From Button's Coffee-house Mr. Addison has just picked his way daintily over

the mud, so that he may not soil his stockings; and presently, from Will's, Steele runs across the road after him; for a new number of the 'Spectator' has introduced Sir Roger de Coverley at the play, escorted thither by his friend, Captain Sentry, with his Steenkirk blade, and two stout fellows armed with oaken plants, for fear of the Mohocks. It is doubtful whether Mr. Steele himself is frightened of them; but Mr. Swift has long shared the popular terror caused by these miscreants, and declares that 'they are all Whigs.' These Mohocks force him to keep early hours; for he believes that they have a special spite against him, and avoids taking a chair since the Lord Treasurer has told him that they insult chairs more than they do those on foot. 'They have lately,' he says to Stella, 'caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her without any provocation.'

Only a night or two ago he met Prior, who made him go home with him, and stay till twelve, so that he could not get a coach, and was in mortal fear. He declares that he will do so no more, and that 'the dogs' will cost him at least half a crown a week in chairs.

There is good reason for fear amongst peaceable men and women at the wild outrages of these lawless ruffians, whose cruelty and cowardice are all the worse since they are, many of them, men of good family, who play these pranks for amusement, as the 'Spectator' says, with an outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow-creatures. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch that is beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity, then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrol. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed.

One party is expert in 'Tipping

the Lion,' which means violently flattening the noses of their victims, at the same time gouging out their eyes. 'The Sweaters' give chase to some trembling passenger, and dance round him, pricking him in the soft parts of his flesh until he is ready to faint with terror. 'The Dancing-masters' prick the calves of the legs, and keep their captive in perpetual motion. 'The Tumblers' stand unprotected women on their heads. All of them disregard age or sex, and abandon themselves to scandalous outrages, which call forth the public indignation, but continue to harass and alarm all London.

Another strange danger is incident to Fleet Street, at that part of it near Ludgate Hill, where the shop-windows display notices that 'weddings are performed within.' Clergymen, whose scandalous lives have led them to the Fleet Prison, are driving a brisk trade by this unscrupulous exercise of their functions; and their touters infest the footway, and peer into the windows of carriages, in order to secure customers. The ceremony is of so loose a character, that 'false names, half-names, or no names at all' offer no impediment. And not only will these accommodating divines consent to provide a certificate bearing any desired date, but they have on hand a number of sham certificates, and even a stock of proxies who willingly act the principal part in the absence of the real bridegroom.

The cry of 'Parson, sir?' may lead some loving couple to follow the active agent to a foul room in one of the prison galleries, where the marriage is solemnized by the production of a brandy-bottle. But the parsons are numerous and needy, and their services are claimed on occasions when the lady has been dragged thither by some unknown admirer.

One of the registers bears the following remarkable entry:—'William — and Sarah —; he dressed in a gold waistcoat, like an officer; she, a beautiful young lady, with two fine diamond rings, and a black high-crowned hat, and very well dressed—at Boyce's. N.B.

There was four or five young Irish fellows seemed to me, after the marriage was over, to have deluded the young woman.'

'These ministers of wickedness,' says a writer in the *Grub Street Journal*, 'ply about Ludgate Hill, pulling or forcing people to some puddling ale-house or brandy-shop to be married, even on a Sunday, stopping them as they go to church, and almost tearing their cloathes off their backs.'

Ladies of rank and fortune are sometimes borne forcibly to these dens, and married against their will. One gentlewoman, who had missed her companion at Drury Lane Theatre a few nights ago, ordered a boy to call her a coach to the City, and was handed into it by a gentleman, who jumped in after her, pretending that, as he had hired the only vehicle in sight, he must intrude on her, but would put her down where she pleased, drowning her excuses and protestations by ordering the coachman to drive on. Arrived at Ludgate Hill, he jumped out, as he said, to meet his sister, who came up presently, and desired the lady to step into the house while she prepared to accompany her in the coach. No sooner had the lady entered the room than the sister vanished, and a ruffian in a black wig and a black coat made his appearance. 'Madame,' says he, grinning, 'you are come in good time; the doctor was just agoing.'

The lady feared that she had been entrapped to a mad-house, and asked what the doctor had to do with her. 'To marry you to that gentleman,' was the reply. 'The doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid before you go.' The lady begged hard to be permitted to go; but finding that she must either pay or be married, or both, left a valuable ring as a pledge, and was at last suffered to depart.

The same lady has been to the place since, accompanied by her brother and a friend, curious to see this London Institution, but she has obtained no redress; and the Fleet marriages are still openly advertised in the newspapers. From October,

1704, to February, 1705, the number of these weddings was 2,594.

The weapons of defence continue to be used for murder, under the name of honour. A passing jest, an accidental push, a warmly-expressed difference of opinion, can only be atoned for by drawn swords or a pistol-shot. Duels are of every-day occurrence, and the notice of them in the newspapers is as matter-of-fact an announcement as the record of a bankruptcy. Meanwhile, most of the public thoroughfares will only allow two persons to walk abreast: it is dangerous to step outside the posts which guard the footway; and the eaves and waterspouts discharge themselves upon the passengers at uncertain intervals in wet weather. The pavement is so uneven that

'Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside; while heaps of rubbish render the unlighted roadway a scene of confusion, where

'From the crackling axle flies the spoke;'

and on a royal procession to Parliament, fagots have to be thrown into the ruts to render the passage of the state coach more easy.

The sedan chair and the hackney coach are the principal public vehicles; and to the terror of London streets is added the conspiracy of the drivers of the last-named 'conveniences' to upset any private carriages as detrimental to their interests. The thieves, too, have a knack of cutting a hole in the back of a hackney coach, and therefrom stealing the wigs and head-dresses of the passengers. At the charming retreat of Bellsizes, in the Hampstead Road, where holiday-makers can listen all day to the singing of a variety of birds and the strains of music, twelve stout fellows are provided to patrol to and from London, to prevent the insults of highwaymen and footpads who infest the roads.

It is in the month of July, 1754, and Henry Fielding, the magistrate, and the author of the '*Life of Jonathan Wild the Great*,' has just sailed for Portugal. Many of his friends say that he will not come back alive; for he delayed his voyage to pro-

ceed with vigour against a host of the thieves and cut-throats of the metropolis, who had grown so outrageous that they committed robberies in open daylight in the sight of many people, and in defiance of the officers of justice, who had warrants for their apprehension in their pockets. People have been knocked down with bludgeons in Fleet Street, and at dusk the piazzas of Covent Garden have been occupied by a body of ruffians armed with *couteaus* to attack people coming out from the play.

Alas! the great evil which affrights London has only received a trifling check at the hands of the great author. Jonathan Wild and his gang, and a hundred others, have been disposed of, but their representatives have survived Mr. Fielding; and now his brother, Sir John, has organized a horse-patrol, which has done very little. People are robbed and shot dead in the streets; the mails are robbed continually; the money is taken from the toll-houses, and the toll-keepers murdered if they offer any resistance; the footpads go about in gangs; and passengers to Islington band themselves into a company for mutual protection.

It is little to be wondered at that the ruffians should pursue their murderous trade with impunity, for the thief-takers are frequently in league with them; sometimes small tradesmen and others act as occasional thief-takers for the sake of obtaining the bounty; and it sometimes happens that even at the place of execution the mob is composed of sympathizers with the criminal, and his body is borne away and laid at the door of the prosecutor, where a riot ensues, and the inhabitants of the district are compelled to send for the military.

Public riots are of frequent occurrence. The riot of the English and the Irish chairmen; the affray of the Jews and the sailors—of the Portuguese—of the weavers—and now, worst of all, that great and terrible no-popery riot inaugurated by Lord George Gordon. The town has been filled with fear; trade and even social intercourse are almost para-

lyzed; and the streets are much left to the thieves, who go hither and thither almost unchecked. Three hundred pounds have been offered for the apprehension of that notorious London ruffian, Burnworth, the leader of a desperate gang, who have made the streets terrible; but he has been to a public-house in Holborn, where he called for a pint of beer, and held the pot to his mouth with one hand and a loaded pistol in the other. One evening he and his gang were walking in Turnmill Street, and the keeper of Clerkenwell Prison called to him, and said he wanted to speak to him, assuring him that he intended to do him no injury. Pistol in hand, he crossed the road to the keeper, his companions walking on the opposite side armed with cutlasses and fire-arms. A crowd gradually assembling, the scoundrels retired with their pistols pointed to the people, and swearing to shoot anybody who should attempt to molest them.

Neither horse-patrols, thief-takers, nor watchmen can succeed against either these or the water-pirates, who board vessels in the river, and rob houses near the shore. The City of London reeks with dens, where crime festers unchecked, and the 'Blood Bowl House' is but the representative of a score of others. Men are stolen as well as property, and many a young fellow has been kidnapped, and sent off to the plantations, while many another has been rescued from the man-stealers by the press-gangs, who, having won him by hard blows, take him off to the tender lying at the Tower, and send him safely off to sea.

There is no slackness in the execution of the sentence of the law upon offenders. The banks of the river are lined with gibbets, and the ghastly remains at Execution Dock are a constant warning to evildoers.

The shadow of the gallows falls upon almost every public road; and at Fleet Street, Catherine Street, Bow Street, and other places, its lesson is told to all who care to read it.

Tyburn is the hangman's headquarters, and its terrors are pronounced alike upon the murderer

and the wretched pilferer who cuts a hop-bind in a Kentish garden. From that horrible creaking beam a dozen culprits swing in one summer's morning, and even the burning of criminals for coining has not yet been abolished. Within the gaols and cages unheard-of cruelties are exercised, the majesty of the law asserts itself, and the London Ruffian flourishes at the gallows' foot.

A better time dawns, and the streets grow lighter, with oil-lamps gleaming here and there. As we traverse the main thoroughfares, improvements are going on, before which many of the foul haunts are swept away. The laws for criminal offences are revised, and, by a more merciful adjustment, capital punishment is narrowed to more defined limits. The gibbets disappear from the streets; and though at Execution Dock the skeletons still swing in chains, the 'hanging morning' is a less frequent festival.

The Bow Street runners, the constables, and the watch are still the principal safeguard against the thieves; but robbery with violence is less frequent, for society has changed many of its aspects, and it is unlawful for private individuals to bear arms in the public streets.

The watchmen are useful only to give an alarm, for they are old, feeble, and much given to sleeping in the watchboxes provided for their accommodation. Still, in many neighbourhoods the night brings terror to the peaceable wayfarer; and good citizens band themselves together to do duty as constables, while the 'Bucks' and 'Corinthians,' in humble imitation of the 'Mohocks,' sally from the taverns and beat the watch, turn the faces of their boxes to the wall, blow up the sleeping inmates with gunpowder, and play mad pranks against decency and order.

Trade riots, and the disorders which spring from political animosity, the influence of demagogues, and a period of distress, combine to increase the public distrust; and the attention of grave legislators is directed to the still imperfect condition of the arrangements for the safety of the community against

the criminal who gains impunity from success. The first great step to the improved condition of the metropolis is made when the first gas jet is lighted in Pall Mall, and, notwithstanding the forebodings with which the common people regard the innovation, London grows safe as the glimmering oil lamps die out one by one, to be replaced by the new lights.

Burke, Hare, Bishop, Williams, and Kiddy Harris are the exponents of a new horror, which for a time spreads a panic through the byways of the metropolis; but the arm of the law grows longer, its grasp more certain: the special constables and the runners hear a whisper of a new force, which, at first denounced as un-English and full of evil centralization, is about to supersede both themselves and the tottering guardians of the streets at midnight.

The 'new police,' who receive the name of 'Peelers' as a term of reproach levelled at once against them and the minister by whose legislation they were established, are formed into a regular corps for the prevention and the detection of crime.

The London Ruffian finds that a great part of his occupation has become impossible in streets systematically lighted and watched; the last evildoer is whipped at the cart's-tail at Billingsgate—the increased humanity of the age being evidenced by the fact that the executioner rubs his thongs with red ochre, which, transferred to the shoulders of the culprit, conveys a warning at a small expense of suffering; the shadow of the gibbet falls only on one spot in the great City;—the last representatives of the Mohocks survive in the followers of a wild marquis who steals knockers, breaks street lamps, consorts with coalheavers and dustmen, and finally disappears from life in London as 'Spring-heeled Jack.'

The penal settlements have outgrown the necessity which rendered them valuable depôts for labour in new colonies. In that great offshoot of English energy and enterprise, New South Wales,

the London Ruffian has almost disappeared, either absorbed in the general population, or himself transformed into a capitalist and landed proprietor, all of whose interests are in favour of order, and respect for the rights of property. The horrors of the settlement of Norfolk Island are a traditional warning; the hulks and dockyards are still full of criminals, but an elaborate system is being constructed on principles which regards the punishment of criminals as the means of reformation. Torture and unnecessary cruelty are, in theory at least, left so far behind in the past fifty years, that thoughtful men are puzzled at the anomaly of the London Ruffian's existence in prison being made more comfortable than that of the virtuous but unfortunate pauper, or of the industrious but still needy labourer. The difficulty which remains to be solved, is the discovery of a system in the details of which absolute punishment shall exist without the penalties that shock humanity, and free from the advantages which prison comforts offer to the felon, when they are compared with the lot of the honest and toilworn artisan. Year by year the penal code grows more favourable to the criminal; and in 1862-3, the system has abolished not only all relics of barbarity, but as many of the hardships incidental to penal servitude as can in any way be considered detrimental to the health and comfort of the mind and body. The hulks and the chain-gang are superseded by the model prison and the learning of a handicraft; the separation of prisoners is mitigated by numerous changes in their daily occupation, and public attention is arrested by a controversy which can only result in some change, the effects of which should secure a still higher degree of public safety.

The strong arm of the law, say

some, wields only a willow wand, which fails to strike down the criminal, who gains impunity instead of reformation. To this it is replied by others, that the very last office of the law, as interpreted by a Christian community, is that of destruction; and that to punish by deprivation of necessary food, by the infliction of unremitting toil, by the dread monotony of unchanging labour without recreation or mental training, would be to destroy not only hope but life altogether.

Meanwhile, the condition of the streets, in spite of the exaggerated reports which have tended to produce the garotte panic, is safe beyond that of any other period. The police force, doubtless capable of vast improvement, is organized by rules which have stood the test of experience, and are the best that the circumstances will at present allow. The constables on nightly duty are visited more than once upon their beats by superior officers, who have no definite time for making their appearance; the men themselves are, for the most part, intelligent, prompt, and courageous; the popular sarcasm of a constable never being in the way when he is wanted may be contradicted by anybody who has been with an inspector on his nightly rounds, and has learned how and where to look for the guardians of the peace: the stations communicate by means of the electric telegraph; and the very fact of so small an amount of robbery with violence producing so much popular excitement, will in itself prove the ordinary efficiency of the means taken to maintain security.

That the working of the system may be greatly improved, there can be no doubt. It might be well to begin with a little improvement in the condition of the London Policeman as compared with that of the London Ruffian.

LADIES' COSTUME AT BRIGHTON:

Hats and Faces.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

I SHOULD be very sorry indeed to arrogate to myself a better knowledge of human nature than my neighbours; but I vow and declare I am at once made master of the key-note of a young lady's mental idiosyncracies by the sort of hat which she thinks proper to wear. If I were a bachelor I would select the future partner of my home by the style of her out-door head-dress; and I feel confident no one need ever seek the aid of Lavater or of modern phrenology, so long as ladies are at liberty to exercise their taste and discretion in respect to this important article.

As the same notion must have suggested itself to the most casual observer, let us briefly run through the different descriptions of ladies' hats, and see whether their shape, size, and style do not suggest or symbolize character and disposition; and what better place than the cliff at Brighton for an investigation into the latest returns of the poll?

Look at that little saucy pork-pie affair, with a knob at the top, the whole being something similar to those nondescript caps which the Christchurch boys, with a due regard to their ugliness, carry in their hands, not on their heads. Would you not determine that the wearer thereof is a roguish, troublesome minx, and that the round soft tuft, ornamenting the rim of her hat, is the sign and symbol of her character, as much as to say, 'I wear the least possible amount of ornament, because my face is so pretty I like to show it free from adventitious aid, the embellishments of feather, or the clouding of a veil'? Without looking at her feet, would you not vow she is *chaussée à merveille*, and that she rejoices in as well-turned a foot and ankle as any on the Promenade? You feel at once that at times she plagues her parents, especially papa after dinner; teases her brothers, and is altogether a

little bit too pert at home, and *insouciant* abroad; but withal you know that one of these days she will make a thoroughly good staid English wife, and that the silk knob will be turned into a plaything for baby, while an elegant Parisian bonnet will usurp the place of the Tudor-looking thing she now carries so jauntily.

Then, again, let me draw your attention to that curious specimen of head-covering worn by the young lady approaching us from the West Cliff. It is similar to the other, excepting that the brim stands up close like a band, and the white wing of a pigeon ornaments the front. You wonder whether the bird is inside the hat, making its nest there, and whether it ever flutters, and if so, whether it produces a pleasant sensation; or whether, content with its sweet captivity, it exposes one pinion and rests at peace. By a natural corollary we pronounce this demoiselle to be dove-like in respect to her heart; but so far as her head is concerned she will pigeon you at any game of flirtation you choose to play at.

More extraordinary still is this marvellous affair close at our side just passing. By all that is ornithological, an entire pheasant's breast, with its radiant feathers in perfect condition, sweeps round the entire hat! What are we to think of the wearer thereof? Was she born on the 1st of October, and celebrates her natal day by a shot-silk dress and the beautiful phasianidic trophy? or, with a keen eye to economy, did the flesh of the bird support the waste of her system at dinner, and the skin afterwards do duty as we see it? At all events it suggests an accompaniment of sauce, which is not found wanting.

As a contrast to this wonderful specimen, so suggestive of a poul-



THE REVOLUTION OF 1848

THE REVOLUTION OF 1848



OBSERVATIONS AT BRIGHTON.

[See "Hats and Faces."

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erer's shop, look at that hat (be careful you do not stare rudely under it) with a broad brim and two meagre feathers sweeping round it on either side. A veil conceals the lady's features, and altogether there is a consciousness about the entire arrangement which seems to say, 'I am determined to attract those horrid men who stare so rudely; but, while I pique their curiosity, I decline to satisfy it.' Alas, for the vanity of human designs! the veil is blown aside by a violent gust of wind, and though we hold it a sacred canon that no woman can be pronounced 'ugly,' yet it must be confessed that this present specimen of the fair sex approaches as nearly as possible those dangerous confines which separate beauty from its antithesis; and if this fact were doubtful, the certainty that some fifty summers had passed over those would-be veiled roses is quite undeniable so, *allons*, and with a due regard to age, feathers, and rouge, note that variegated hat, made up of scarlet plumes, faded flowers, and bits of old lace. Why, the birdcatcher in the 'Zauberflaute,' might have worn it as a badge of his calling; and we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that the wearer thereof had very much better invest eighteenpence in a plain straw, and trim it with simple ribbon, than expose herself in such a May-day affair to the astonished breezes. I decline to speculate upon the character of this fair being, not because she is worse than her neighbours, but because we have just discovered in her antipodal extremity a hole in her boot, and a glaring red stocking above.

But why is that dog jumping and barking in such a vociferous manner, by the side of the somewhat fast-looking young lady just before us? By Jove! it is a fox-hound, and he is yelping at that fox's brush in the Honourable Miss Harkaway's hat! Yes, positively, a fox's tail encircles it, and I hear the serious joker of the Excrescent Hotel exclaim, 'Her hat is always well brushed, at any rate.'

Of course the Hon. Miss Harkaway follows the hounds; but as I

am no admirer of young ladies who kick over the traces—I beg pardon, leap over the fences, I mean—I had better not speculate upon her mental or moral endowments.

Who is that pretty horsewoman, always describing some new curve of grace, as she canters along with the most perfect ease, but withal ready at a moment's notice to be down on her saddle, her leg against flank, the rein tight, but not straining, and her eye alive with fire and energy, as her thoroughbred, pricking his ears, fancies he should like to shy at that great menagerie van with a lion at the top, and a brass band blaring and clanging in the front? Soh! ho! softly, pretty one; if he does shy and prance and dance, what care you?—you are like a bird on the waves, and rise and fall with your horse's movements with a grace which you divide between you, but with a strength and certainty of seat all your own. Look at her hat—a *chapeau d'homme*—how well it becomes her, with a veil loosely tied in a knot at the back, but otherwise simple in its copy of a man's. She is made of the same stuff—a combination of pluck and womanly attributes—which some 300 years ago was chronicled in Scottish history when a fair and rounded arm was thrust into the lacerating staple of a gate, and which only a few months since was found in the homely housewife, who, tender yet brave, stole from her sick husband's side while he slept, descended by herself to the room which burglars were entering, and steadying her aim upon her wrist, fired at the cowardly miscreant, like a heroine as she is. Canter on, pretty horsewoman! and may you never be called upon to exhibit the latent courage of your high-bred woman's nature, nor find occasion to do a more daring deed than to guide your palfrey skilfully in the crowded way, accompanied as you fly along by the truest admiration of every fresh manly heart, as well as of every kindly feeling of your own sex.

Possibly a riding-hat is the only portion of a man's dress that a woman may wear without detriment to a truly feminine nature; but the

face of the wearer should be oval, and, above all, a lady in a riding-hat *must* ride well, or else let her betake herself to Hampstead Heath and a Jerusalem pony.

Of all the hats that have lately come into vogue, the 'brigand' hat, such as that now passing on the opposite side of the way, is the most peculiar, owing principally, I believe, to the effect which it has of making the youngest girl look old, or at least elderly; and of all the strange phenomenon in the hat and face line that I ever remember to have seen, was one of these hats worn with widow's weeds! Nothing out of Wales was ever seen like it; and even there the conjunction of mourning frills and a beaver at the top of them would be a rarity. Perhaps the most becoming to the female face of all description of hats, is that on a fair-headed girl, driving by in a barouche. It is one of the ample flap sort, with a full, handsome ostrich feather encompassing it—a kind of sombrero made for a pretty woman's face; but, on the other hand, of all the monstrosities which one sees in the way of head-gear, there is one which out-Herods

them all. Its technical name, I believe, is the 'Cleopatra,' and it consists of a thing—I do not know what proper name to give it—suddenly turned up at the forehead, like the leather flap of a boy's cap stuck upright. It enlarges the features, gives boldness to the countenance, and suggests the vilest taste, made even more apparent by a theatrical ornament placed in the centre.

There is, however, one great charm about the generality of hats now worn, which we must not omit to mention—the increased value which, by contrast, they impart to the dear, darling, ducks of bonnets. Bonnets as a whole (of course there are profoundly hideous exceptions) are not only becoming, but give a tone of sweetness and modesty to the female face which no other description of head-dress imparts; and though hats may be well enough for coy fifteen, yet if a lady arrived at womanhood wishes out of doors to resemble a lady, she must, in my humble opinion, leave off her hat, though the prettiest in the world, and take to a bonnet, if even a 'scuttle' or a 'poke.'



ENIGMA FOR SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

OFT standing near the crowded mill,
 Or where, beneath the flower-deck't hill,
 The beehives stand, with joyous thrill
 I hear my First.

When from yon ivy-mantled tower
 The bell tolls out the midnight hour
 I wake and start to feel the power
 My Second holds.

When lovers hand in hand by night
 Gaze on the moonlit sea, and plight
 A troth of never-ending might,
 I know my Whole.

R. B. L.

A LAY OF SAINT VALENTINE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

CARA mia! Cara mia! why the blush upon your cheek?

Why the whisper, why the stammer, when you softly try to speak?
 Why the radiance that lightens all your face in happy guise?
 Why the sparkle and the triumph in those gentle hazel eyes?

Fanciulla bella mia! shall I read the riddle right?

Shall I say what makes the rosy flush that deepens in the light?

'Tis a saint's day—*his* I know by many a token and a sign,
 For to you there's no saint, darling, equal to Saint Valentine.

What's that which you read so deeply?—Ah! I'm answered by the smile
 (Happy offspring of a pleasure free from every taint of guile);
 Lace-embroidered margin—verses—picture pencilled deftly. Mine
 Is the true guess—'tis a missive sacred to Saint Valentine.

Dream on, daughter mine. Too soon may come the clangour of the strife,
 All too soon the woe and turmoil of the battlefield of life.
 Dream on brightly o'er each honeyed accent—ponder every line,
 All enchanted by the magic woven by Saint Valentine.

I remember—ah, how freshly!—in the vague long, long ago,
 How the pulses of my wild heart throbbed so fiercely to and fro,
 As I wrote to her my darling—her whose beauty e'er could shine
 All unchanged, untouched—in sentence sacred to Saint Valentine.

How my burning words flowed swiftly!—how I added vow to vow
 (And the very phrase is graven on my soul's best memory now);
 How I strove to picture passion that no accent could define,
 In the simple, earnest verses guarded by Saint Valentine.



1847

A LAY OF SAINT VALENTINE.

[ILLUSTRATED.]

CLARA said, then said: why the blush upon your cheek?

Why the whisper, why the shimmer, when you softly try to speak?

Why the softness that lightens all your face in happy guise?

Why the sparkle and the thrum in those gentle hand eyes?

I remember—now—when I read the riddle right!

Still I saw—when you the way then that deepens in the light?

'Tis a smile that never comes by many a kiss and a sign;

For to you there no smile, no sign, need to Saint Valentine.

What's that which comes and goes—oh! I'm answered by the smile

That glows all day, all night, all day, all night, all day, all night;

Like a smile that never comes by many a kiss and a sign;

For to you there no smile, no sign, need to Saint Valentine.

There's in, whisper, now. Two ways may come the danger of the strife,

All our own the way and turn of the world of life.

There's in, whisper, now. Two ways may come the danger of the strife,

All our own the way and turn of the world of life.

I remember—ah, how freshly!—in the vague haze, long ago,

How the pulse of my wild heart throbb'd so sweetly to and fro,

As I wend to her my darling—her whose beauty e'er could shine

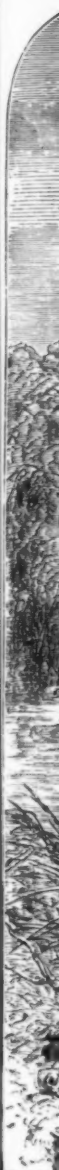
All untroubled, untroubled—in sentence need to Saint Valentine.

How my burning words flowed swiftly!—how I added vow to vow

(And the very phrase is graven on my soul's best memory now);

That I strove to picture passion that no word could define,

In the simple, earnest verses guarded by Saint Valentine.





Drawn by Louis Huard.

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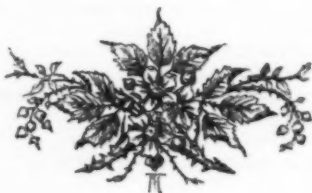
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Ah, my darling ! I have worked and battled now through varied years,
Yet that faded scroll of writing is the fountain of my tears.
I could weep, remembering how my wearied, crushed heart could but pine
For *her* loss to whom I murmured vows loved by Saint Valentine.

Do I sadden you, *ma mignonne* ? Turn we to a happier theme ;
Bask in all the peerless sunshine of your radiant first-love dream ;
Drink the joy that bids your heart bound as with some Elysian wine,
Add another to the peans sung to sweet Saint Valentine.

All the air to you is halcyon—all the landscape tinged with gold—
All the breezes from the southward, never growing harsh or cold—
All the flowers of earth seem ready a fresh coronal to twine
For your brow, which wears the joyous gladness of Saint Valentine.

W. R.



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

(II.)

ETHEL.

HOW dares the boisterous wind assail
 My darling fair,
 And boldly toss her fluttering veil
 And silky hair?—
 Blest he—to kiss those clear grey eyes,
 Yet wake nor anger nor surprise!

Fair Ethel is 'a-hunting boun'
 This merry morn;
 Loud rings across the dew-sprent down
 The cheerful horn.
 For she like Dian plays her part
 To chase the hare—and chase the heart.

Hark to the music of the hounds
 Among the furze!
 Joy brightens—while her bosom bounds —
 Those eyes of hers :—
 To saddle all then—and away :—
 Love and the chase brook no delay!

Out flies her habit to the wind,
 As on she speeds :
 The boldest riders fall behind,
 And Ethel leads :—
 Nor shame to them that they prefer
 What is their fate—to follow her!



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY—ETHEL

[See the Photo.]

TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.

(II.)

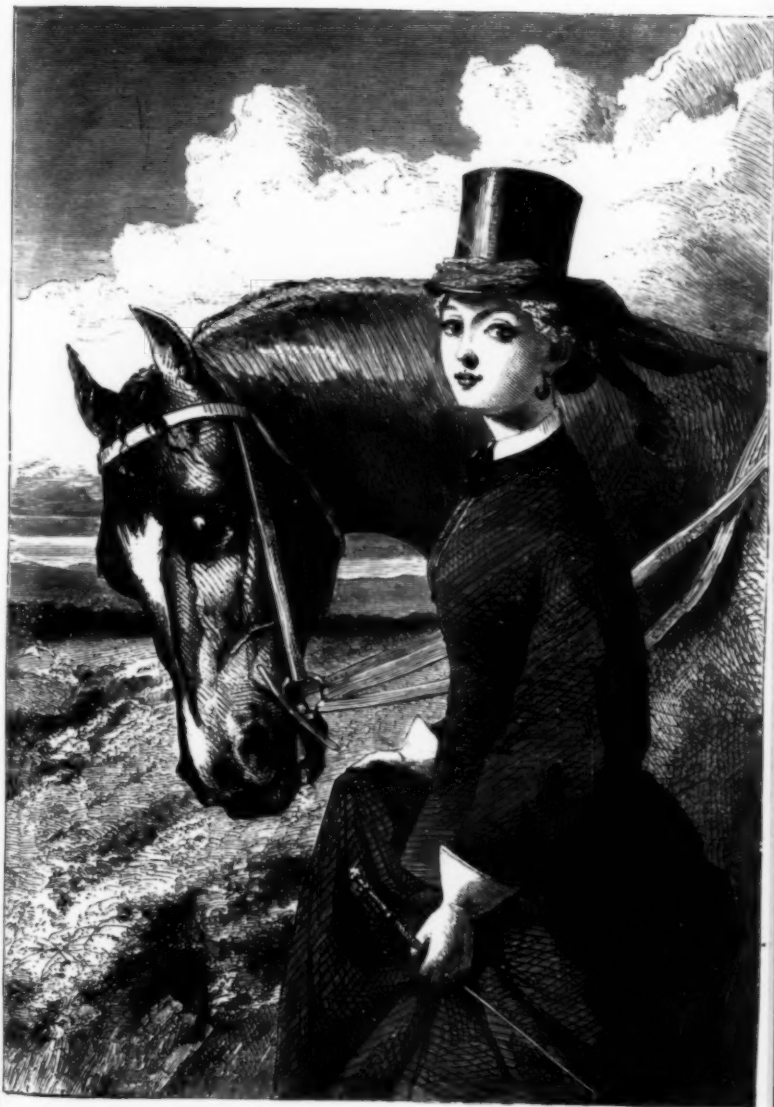
IVARI.

HOW does the belated wind assail
 The Western bar,
 And belch its ice-fluttering veil
 Across the sea?
 How comes it from those grey cliffs,
 No countenance, no voice perceived!

How Ethel is outlasting some?
 This merry note,
 Loud rings where the dawn-spell dwells
 The forest's heart.
 How are the trees pruned for part
 To leave the room—and close the heart.

Back to the noise of the battle
 Among the fane?
 By brightness—yet, a new human beauty—
 A new spirit of love.
 The heart is torn—and away—
 Leave not the stone to do its duty!

Out flow her light to the world,
 As she speaks;
 The belated riders fall behind,
 And Ethel leads:—
 See thence to them that they prefer
 What is their fate—to follow her!



TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.—(II.) ETHEL.

[See the Poem.]



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THE TENANT OF THE CHINTZ CHAMBER.



(Page 16.)

CHAPTER V.

THE VISITOR.

AND now all Ravelstock was in a flutter. My lady had a hundred plans for amusement, a hundred little arrangements to make; and, to her honour be it said, she fully acknowledged the extreme service which Mrs. Grey did her at this time.

None of the state chambers, were they ever so grand and rich, could be fresh enough or pretty enough for the young visitor who was to come with July's first morning sun. 'Gwendaline must have a bower,' said my lady. 'She is like one of those old Saxon princesses who always lived in bowers, unless the poets tell fibs. We must make her a bower.' And in pursuance of this idea stiff curtains of rose-coloured brocade were veiled and flounced

with snowy muslin. Little gems of pictures and statuettes gleamed from the fluted hangings on the walls. All kinds of pretty toys and ornaments littered the tables. The rosy hues of couches and chairs were also half smothered in white. The carpet was a verdant sward strewn with moss-roses and lilies of the valley. Mirrors shone from every wall, repeating the room and its contents, till its tenant seemed to inhabit a labyrinth of fairy-like chambers. The balcony, which led by stairs to the garden, was stocked with the choicest flowers; and the never-failing ivy sent its youngest green to tap pleasantly at the window, and wish good-morrow to the lucky bird who had found so luxurious a nest.

And after all had been completed,

M

even to Lady Ravelstock's satisfaction, July arrived, and conducted the fair Gwendaline to Ravelstock. She came, riding up the avenue in her pretty green riding-habit and saucy hat and feather, exactly like the princess in a fairy tale—only, alas! there was no prince as yet. 'Alas! there is no prince,' sighed my lady. At least, her thoughts, if they did not precisely take that form, said: 'How provoking that Percy has not come!'

She had written to him some weeks before, but the dutiful son had returned no answer. Whether he had got the letter or not, my lady did not know; but she clung to the fond hope that the postman and not Lord Ravelstock was to blame in the matter. So on this first of July evening, after the bird had been introduced to its nest, after the green riding-habit had been exchanged for a white muslin, in which Gwendaline appeared as fresh and dainty as a wood-sprite, after tea had been discussed in Lady Ravelstock's favourite bow-window, after many of the new songs had been sung, and a good deal of chat indulged in—after all these things had been said and done, and all had separated for the night, Lady Ravelstock sat up full two hours writing a long and urgent epistle to her son. The gist of the letter was something like this:—'Gwendaline Lisle is here at Ravelstock. She is a very lovely and lovable creature. I hardly imagined that her peculiar childish beauty could have developed into such perfection. She remembers you well, and, I know, looks forward with pleasure to meeting you again. Percy, my son, I implore you to come and spend this month with us—or I only ask you for a week; and after it is spent, if you do not stay of your own accord, I will annoy you no more about it. You know, my son, how anxious I am to see you settled in life. Gwendaline would indeed be a charming wife, even without her thirty thousand pounds. And this last, after all that has been spent' (she had written 'squandered,' but scored it out) 'of your patrimony, is no mean consideration.

I would not have you mercenary, but surely Gwendaline is all you can desire in every respect.'

Something in this strain was the letter posted by Lady Ravelstock's maid next morning.

Meantime the golden hours sped. The princess, being of a lively disposition, was fain, in the absence of the prince, to make herself happy with the good old fairy, her hostess, and that agreeable shade, the companion. Innumerable drives and walks were taken, new songs were sung, and new stitches in embroidery taught Lady Gwendaline by Mrs. Grey. On a stool at her feet the pretty thing would sit, her golden head close to Mrs. Grey's carmelite sleeve, and her airy drapey sweeping the carpet. Then, with her blue eyes wide with enthusiasm, she would tell the quiet matron of beautiful scenes far away, in lands which had been trodden by her wandering feet during the past year; or with sly mischief she would describe gay balls and assemblages at which she had been present, mimicking the tones and manners of fops and *blasé* young men, till my lady, listening through her afternoon doze to the dear child's prattle, grew fearful in her heart lest my lord coming should, by too much conceit and affectation, disgust the girl, and frustrate all that had been so long and so anxiously planned and anticipated. Thus, all things considered, poor Lady Ravelstock did not quite walk upon roses at this present crisis of affairs.

It was also true that, though Gwendaline made herself so agreeable to every one, and seemed so happy, she was yet not quite satisfied with her visit to Ravelstock. It was true that those dear old childish days, when Gwendaline rode the pony, and Percy held the reins, were by no means forgotten by the heiress. She remembered her handsome young knight, and Lady Ravelstock's letters to her while at school and abroad had kept his idea fresh in her mind till he grew to be a hero therein, and she looked forward with no little interest to the time when their friendship might be renewed. A visit to

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the picture-gallery had introduced her to the external of his manhood, and many a pretext was almost unconsciously made afterwards to get another peep at the fascinating face. But two and three weeks had passed, and no Percy had turned up at Ravelstock. Gwendaline began to think that coming home was rather dull after all, and to consider within herself how soon she should return to the Beeches. She was tired of her songs. She had no one to ride with; for, as if through spite, she would not allow Lady Ravelstock to invite any company to the castle, pleading that she was so glad of a quiet country time at home after her dissipation abroad. Nevertheless, for all her laughter, and her songs, and her merry anecdotes, poor little Gwendaline was rather disappointed.

My lady, on her side, watched the post as only an anxious mother can. She made various passing allusions to 'Percy,' generally at breakfast-time, after the letter-bag had been rifled, talked of his 'pressing engagements,' his 'tiresome duties,' &c., &c., in a vague way, which rather led the visitor to imagine that this young lord was a kind of modern Atlas. She often wondered to herself what the inexorable labour must be which prevented him from coming to see his mother and, incidentally, his mother's guest. But she knew little of 'business,' and rested assured that the great world of London could scarcely go round without his presence—in fact, that the motions of the universe in some measure depended on Lord Ravelstock's exertions.

Poor Lady Ravelstock made her vague excuses for her son; and on these occasions Gwendaline laughed, and changed the conversation to show her supreme indifference to his lordship's movements, while Mrs. Grey laid down her muffin, and lost her appetite for the rest of the meal.

And all the while Percy of Ravelstock had received his mother's letter. It had arrived just when my lord was on the verge of a miserable and unpitiable despair, because of a many-headed vision of

ruin conjured up by his own recklessness, which had haunted him night and day for a long time past. Terrible sacrifice of property, shameful sale of his birthright, or exposure and imprisonment, Lord Ravelstock found either alternative hard to choose. His lady-mother's 'chatter' about 'Gwennie Lisle' had at first annoyed him; but the latter part of this second letter of hers had changed his mind. How could he have recollected that little Gwennie was mistress of thirty thousand pounds? He swept away his countless threatening duns and his desperate thoughts at one blow, and walked hurriedly about his studio. This pretty Gwennie—yes, surely he should go and pay his respects to his mother's guest. She was a sweet little thing, good-natured and passionate, fiery and gentle. He remembered her long golden hair, and how he used to wind her will round his boyish finger; how she used to pout and scold, and finally yield to his slightest wish. And after half an hour of this kind of reflection he sat down and wrote what he considered a very accommodating, dutiful letter to his mother, announcing his arrival on a certain day. After it was finished, he sat staring at it lying open before him. He crossed the *t's*, and touched the stops blacker, and all the while a shadow was gathering on his face that darkened its beauty. He threw himself back in his chair, and folded his arms, and looked doggedly at the opposite wall. 'Confound it!' he said, between his teeth; 'confound it! why should I not?'

He sat there long with the letter before him, cursing under his breath, and gnawing his lip. At last he started up, and threw the letter in the fire, swearing at himself for a fool while it burned. Then for some five minutes he chafed about the room like one possessed, till, wearying perhaps of the exercise, he lit a clay pipe, and sallied out to cool himself in the night air.

But despite that little ranting scene enacted by Percy in the privacy of his 'studio,' a copy, almost

verbatim, of the torn letter was despatched to Ravelstock on the following evening.

CHAPTER VI.

PLEASANT NEWS.

On the morning which brought Percy's letter to its destination, breakfast was rather late at Ravelstock. My lady had a headache, and lingered in her room longer than usual. In consequence of this she had her correspondence in her chamber, before descending to the breakfast-room. Poor Lady Ravelstock! how she snatched at that letter, and read it and re-read it, with a wetness like tears dimming her eyes.

She hurried down, and found Gwendaline standing near the glass door, in the sun, with a note from her father open in her hand. She was at that moment trying to decide whether or not she should inform Lady Ravelstock of her desire to go home. She felt out of humour, she scarce knew why, and vexed with herself for being out of humour. Her pride was piqued, and she would not acknowledge to herself that she was disappointed because Percy had not come to see her.

So she stood at the glass door, the breeze just raising the golden plaits with a gentle, lazy motion, and a rose from the creepers outside tapping her cheek, as if to reprove her discontentedness and win a smile to the arch blue eyes. So she stood, and Lady Ravelstock came behind her and laid a kind hand on her shoulder.

'Good morning, my dear. Where is Mrs. Grey?'

'I don't know—that is—I suppose she is still rambling. I believe she hasn't come in. I wasn't thinking about her.'

This was said with a degree of pettishness for which the young lady would reproach herself the next moment with impetuous sorrow, as was her wont when she had misbehaved. However, Lady Ravelstock was too full of good-humour at that moment to mind the little girl's temper.

'Well, my dear,' she said, 'I suppose she will be here presently; meantime, I have some news which I hope will not annoy you. Percy will be here the day after to-morrow.'

Gwendaline blushed with surprise and pleasure, and faltered:

'Annoy me? Oh! how could it annoy me, Lady Ravelstock? I am sure I am very glad.'

Some more studiously-careless speech, indeed perhaps some mischievously-sarcastic speech, would undoubtedly have been coined, had Gwendaline had time; but she was so completely taken by surprise that her tell-tale face betrayed her pleasure as well as her tongue. Lady Ravelstock, however, was too busy fumbling among her letters to notice anything else.

'Shall I show you the letter? Shall I let you see what he says about you? But no, you naughty girl, you don't deserve it; because you don't seem half enough pleased about his coming.'

Gwendaline laughed, coloured, threw back her pretty little proud head, and declared she was not at all anxious to see what Lord Ravelstock had said about her; upon which my lady consigned her letter to its envelope. Indeed, she had not the slightest idea of showing that letter. Her mother's heart had got a bitter training before it could rejoice at the reception of such an epistle. Perhaps Gwendaline would hardly have been pleased, had she seen Lord Ravelstock's cool allusions to herself and her thirty thousand pounds; she, who was accustomed to homage the most delicate and reverential, and who had not yet discovered the disadvantage of being an heiress. And so Lady Ravelstock thought, 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' Alas! poor little Gwendaline.

When my lady made that announcement to her young visitor, the two were not quite alone. Had the girl not turned at that moment when she felt her friend's hand on her shoulder, she must have seen Mrs. Grey close by her side, about to bid her good morning, and enter by the glass door. But the ivy

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screen made another step necessary to bring the new-comer in view of those inside the room, and ere that step had been taken the word 'Percy' had fallen on a listening ear. The name had its usual mesmeristic effect upon Mrs. Grey, her steps were checked, her eyes lit and darkened, while the warm colour paled out of her face. Every word of that short conversation was devoured, and then the involuntary eavesdropper crept round to the front entrance, and took her way to her own chamber.

Whatever trouble was upon Mrs. Grey, it had only five minutes to indulge itself, which it did with stifled moans, rapid rushing of feet back and forward from wall to wall of the chintz chamber, silent wringing of hands, and hunted staring of eyes that seemed seeking escape from existence. Poor Mrs. Grey! God help those who have a recurring sorrow, terror, or remorse, which they cannot, dare not, share with any near them.

Five minutes for a greeting with misery in solitude, and then a wan face studying a smile in the toilet glass, and trembling fingers arranging disordered gray hair, and clothing it with a spotless cap. Another five minutes, and the gray woman had glided into the breakfast-room with her customary cheerful face not a whit less bright than usual, and carrying her morning offering to Lady Ravelstock—a bunch of wild flowers.

There are many occasions in life on which it is a blessed thing to be of no consequence, and so forgotten by those around us. This morning's breakfast was one of these to Mrs. Grey. She minced her muffin and sipped her coffee in unobserved silence, whilst my lady held forth about Percy, and Gwendaline listened with glad interest.

After breakfast there were notes of invitation to be written, for a gay entertainment which Lady Ravelstock purposed giving. Gwendaline was full of interest on the subject. She tripped about all the morning in a restless, joyful fever of expectation. Although she had declared her indifference to her old play-

fellow's coming, yet her transparent character shed forth her gladness, while she, simple girl, was quite convinced that no one knew the secret of her good spirits but herself.

She spent an hour in the garden quite alone. A rare thing for her to do. Mrs. Grey raised her head from the writing-table, at which she was sealing up cards, and watched the bright hair gleaming among the green boughs, and the slender figure flitting among the flowers as she wandered about, filling her lap with blossoms for the drawing-room vases, indulging in one of those vague golden reveries, into which summer days beguile youth—golden reveries, whose sweetness is fancied by the dreamer to be only a foretaste of the after bliss which life's full noon will bring to their lips.

In the afternoon there were visits to be paid. Mrs. Grey had got a headache from the heat; and, leaving her at home, Lady Ravelstock and her young charge rolled off in the carriage together. Mrs. Grey, from the drawing-room window, again watched the airy drapery that hung over the front seat, and the delicate profile, shaded by the pretty white hat, with its azure-tipped feather. She studied the girl pretty closely at all times; her eyes followed her wherever she went. Gwendaline and she were good friends now. Did Mrs. Grey love the girl? Was this scrutiny the result of affection? Whether or not, she did acknowledge in her heart the extreme loveliness of Lady Ravelstock's elected daughter-in-law, and mused much upon her evident pleasure at the expected visit of the young lord.

The carriage had been gone an hour, and in the late afternoon the air stood still in the chambers, weighted as with the intense heat of an Indian summer. Mrs. Grey wandered from room to room in search of a breath of cool air, and soon found herself in the long dim picture-gallery, dim even then at either far end, but in the centre flooded and emblazoned with the deep light which burned through star and diamond of the coloured glass overhead.

Gliding through the glory, almost as like a ghost as she looked on that winter night of the sleep-walking, Mrs. Grey came and stood before one of the pictures. It was smiling in the sunshine. The woman gazed on the face till her own grew convulsed, and sinking, she knelt in an agony of weeping upon the mat, with her brow against the frame. It was a violent storm, and a short one. She rose again, walked to the balustrade, and, leaning against it, gazed intently at the picture.

'It is past,' she said: 'I swore never to weep again, and yet I have wept like this. I have dared all, and why cannot I dare bravely?'

Then she went on talking to the picture. 'You shall not do it. The innocent shall not suffer. You shall not do it.'

CHAPTER VII.

PERCY.

The day of Lord Ravelstock's return home dawned with the same vivid brilliance and breathless heat which had reigned over hall and meadow since July brought Gwendaline to Ravelstock. The evening train was to bring him to the village that lay ten miles away, along that white, green-hedged road which swept from the gates of Ravelstock; and a groom with horses had ridden to meet him the day before.

A long hour ere there could be a possibility of his appearance, Lady Ravelstock sat in the window, looking towards the gates. Her sixty years had not extinguished in her the desire to appear well in her son's eyes, and she had dressed herself with unusual care. She held a book in her hand; but she did not read. Her thoughts were gone to meet the absent son whom her eyes had not beheld for three years.

Gwendaline had shown some caprice in insisting that a ramble, several miles into the park, in search of wild strawberries, should no longer be delayed, but taken that very day by Mrs. Grey and herself. True, Mrs. Grey had hinted the proposal, but Gwendaline had fastened on it at once; and, in spite of

all Lady Ravelstock could say, nothing would please her little ladyship but to dress herself in brown holland and set off with a basket on her arm to the park. Perhaps she intended to prove to his lordship that his arrival was not an event of so much consequence as to interfere with her rambling arrangements; or perhaps she imagined that, if he should come to meet them a little way, the introduction would be pleasanter and more unembarrassed there, under the trees, than in the hot drawing-room, with nothing to talk about but the weather. At all events they went; and the evening sun, quivering down through the thicket of leaves, found her and Mrs. Grey resting on the cool grass in one of the farthest recesses of the park.

Just then Percy was riding along the scorching road alone, having left the groom to look after his baggage. Lord Ravelstock shared in an antipathy common to his kind—an objection to having his shoulders burned for a longer time than necessary. So, on reaching the first park entrance, he left the more direct road and followed an irregular path through dells and dingles, till it brought him to the very spot where the rambles were resting. They did not hear him as he approached—his horse made no sound on the soft turf. Mrs. Grey sat against a stout tree with her back to him, and Gwendaline lay among the fern-leaves beside her, holding her broad hat up with both hands, to shade her face, and gazing up through the boughs at the little blue lakes floating among them overhead.

Both were startled by the sound of a man's voice inquiring courteously if they could direct him to a spring anywhere near, as his horse required a drink, and he himself was parched with thirst. Mrs. Grey shrank farther into the shadow of the tree. Gwendaline started up, colouring vividly, and looking as pretty a rustic, with her coarse straw hat in hand, as it was possible to see.

The young lord sat composedly admiring her, and waiting for her

answer; and Gwendaline's quick wits soon perceived that he did not recognize them. Of course Mrs. Grey was unknown to him; but he might have remembered her better. Her little ladyship was piqued at his forgetfulness, and she resolved to punish him. In truth, it never occurred to Percy that this simple wood-nymph was the travelled and accomplished Gwendaline, whom his mother had so eloquently described. This little rustic maid was pretty enough for anything, but she wore a brown holland blouse and a coarse straw hat; and, in short, the idea of her being his mother's guest never entered his head. He imagined a listless beauty in a most *récherché* toilet, with hardly energy to fan herself or turn over the leaves of her novel this hot weather.

Gwendaline answered his questions by first presenting, with a great deal of mock respect and deference, her tempting basket of strawberries for his own refreshment, and then offering to lead the way to a stream close by. Mrs. Grey never raised her eyes from the book which lay on her knees, and the mischievous girl indulged her whim of fooling the young lord to her heart's content. As for Percy, he was charmed with the freshness and good-nature of his guide. He believed her at once to be the daughter of some neighbouring farmer: this part of the park was free to all who chose to walk in it. He was charmed; and, while his horse drank, he plied her with questions. He affected to be a stranger. To whom did the park belong? Gwendaline informed him that it belonged to Lady Ravelstock. Whereupon Percy said, 'Indeed!'

'I believe,' continued Gwendaline, slyly, 'that it belongs really to the young lord; but he never comes here, and people forget about him. He is only a kind of tradition at Ravelstock.'

Percy cleared his throat. It was not just pleasant to hear a little country girl, be she ever so charming, talking of his being only a 'tradition' in the domains of which he was master. He swallowed his vexation, however, and went on with his questions.

'Lady Ravelstock lives here alone, then? Has she no visitors?'

'Oh! she lives quite like a hermit.'

'I thought—that is, I heard a report that a young lady is staying with her at present.'

'You mean Sir Francis Lisle's daughter?'

'Exactly.'

'Yes; she has been staying there some time; but she is not at the castle now. She left it this morning.'

Lord Ravelstock stooped suddenly to smother his angry oath. Gwendaline bit her red lips to keep the corners from going off into a laugh. Percy was no longer in humour for chatting with the prettiest rustic in Christendom. He mounted his horse, dragging its mouth from the water rather roughly, and, waving an abrupt adieu to his fair tormentor, he cantered down the glade and gained the beaten path.

The merry girl flew back to Mrs. Grey, her face brimming with mischievous glee. Reaching the tree, she burst into such a fit of laughter that the dell rang back the pleasant echoes, and she leant against the tree and wiped the bright tears from her eyes.

When the last gust of merriment had shaken itself free of her happy heart, she stooped suddenly and snatched the book from Mrs. Grey's lap.

'There! don't be vexed, dear Mrs. Grey; but do come along. I've sent my lord off in such a fuss. He thinks I've gone away, and you should have seen how black he looked when I told him. Oh! do come. I'm longing for the fun of meeting him again, he will look so foolish—but what is the matter? You are so pale!'

'Nothing, nothing,' Mrs. Grey said. It was the heat, the walk through the sun. She had been a little sick. She was quite better now, &c. &c.

Gwendaline offered the support of her slight arm, which was declined. Mrs. Grey seemed to creep almost with a shudder from the touch of the gay girl who tripped along by her side, trying to keep her feet in measure with the slower steps of her companion, and in all ignorance

of the bleak looks which were cast outward over the happy trees by the wan, averted face beside her.

When Percy left the glade he had turned his horse's head towards the village, determined to set off for London again, without crossing his mother's threshold; but, on second thoughts, he wheeled round again, and hurried on to the castle.

His mother's embraces were taken with an ill enough grace, till a few minutes' conversation revealed to him his blunder in believing the gossip of a girl who knew nothing of what she was talking about. After this discovery, his temper improved rapidly, he talked graciously to his mother, and laughed at his adventure.

'A pretty country girl,' he said, 'whom I met, and who gave me some strawberries, told me she had gone. The little baggage! What a dance she has led me! And pray, mother, when may we expect the Lady Gwendaline to make her ladyship's august appearance?'

CHAPTER VIII.

MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL.

Great was Gwendaline's amusement when the young lord sauntered into the drawing-room, and found her attired in most ladylike and becoming guise, seated in the bay window at her embroidery. However, he bore the laugh very well, and all things went on pleasantly. Mrs. Grey's headache prevented her appearing again that night. No one missed her. Gwendaline was in high spirits, Percy was the most gallant of cavaliers. We have done this young man great injustice if we have said anything to lead people to believe that he was not the most polite and agreeable person in the world—when he chose. All the favourite songs were sung, Percy turning the leaves; and then he, who was a most accomplished person, as has been before set down, sang to his own accompaniment. In fact, the close of the evening found the two young people the best of friends; and Lady Ravelstock

blessed them in her heart, and was happy.

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Grey was introduced to Lord Ravelstock by my lady, who was so kind as to pass a private eulogium on her companion for her son's edification. He bowed to the lady and stared at her, and then took no further notice of her presence. Certainly, however Mrs. Grey might dislike his lordship's company, he had no objection to hers, and did not seem to have ever seen her before.

The days sped merrily after this. Gwendaline rode off every morning in her pretty green habit, more like the fairy princess than ever. And then the prince was by her side. The prince also gave the princess drawing lessons of bright evenings, when the two would wander off in search of good foregrounds and picturesque distances. Also, my lord was a good reader. Indeed, what accomplishment was there he had not? After breakfast it was the wont of the three ladies to repair to the cool shelter of the trees, when my lord, extended on the grass at Gwendaline's feet, would read aloud Tennyson's sweetest pieces, with a clear, lazy intonation, which was pleasant to listen to.

On one of these occasions, when Percy paused, in searching for a poem, to repeat a little bit which he assured them was delicious, and commenced—

'Break, break, break! on thy cold gray stones,
oh! sea,'

Mrs. Grey, sitting in the shelter of the tree's trunk, with her face turned from the rest, fainted quietly away. No one observed her, as she did not fall, nor even stir, and in a few minutes she regained her senses, suffering all those terrible strugglings, those deathly chills, and unearthly hissings in the ear, which come back with the life which has been suspended by a swoon. She bore them; and, lest the change on her face should be seen, she made an excuse to return to the house for some wools which Lady Ravelstock had forgotten.

But Mrs. Grey's troubles were

nothing to anybody. The sun shone upon every one else. Lady Ravelstock was perfectly happy; Gwendaline lived in Paradise; and Percy—well, Percy was doing his business satisfactorily.

He did not fail to dazzle the eyes of the young heiress with his artistic powers. A huge canvas was sent from London, on which the charms of the Lady Gwendaline were to be perpetuated for the edification of generations to come. He fitted out a studio, hung it round with pictures, and set up his easel.

Accordingly, while Mrs. Grey stitched at the window, and my lady wandered in and out in ecstasies of joy and admiration, the girl stood for the painter in a white dress with her lap filled with flowers, and her straw hat lying at her feet. A favourite bit of the wool was chosen to fill up the picture.

The fair model was not very patient, and often demanded permission to rest herself, which she did by rummaging about the room, examining the pictures, and asking questions of their owner regarding them. On one of these occasions she opened the great portfolio for about the hundredth time, and began to look through its contents; the artist standing by the while with his palette upon his thumb, twirling his mahl-stick in his fingers, and regarding his own performances with a dignified indifference. Gwendaline asked a lot of nice little foolish questions; my lord was amused at her candidly avowed ignorance, and flattered by her constant appeals to his knowledge and judgment. She shook her golden head over his sketches, and acknowledged that he was a genius; she never, never, never could draw like that, not if she were to learn for a hundred years. Percy carelessly deprecated this emphatic declaration, assuring her that study effected a great deal. Of course it was an immense advantage to be born with genius; but cultivation was quite necessary.

And the young lord tossed back his hair from his handsome forehead, and with one foot drawn back contemplated his work with a truly professional air, while Gwendaline

glanced at him from behind the Bristol board in her hand with reverential admiration.

Contrary to her usage, Mrs. Grey had come softly from the window, and stood, embroidery in hand, looking over Gwendaline's head, as she sat on the floor inspecting the pictures. Stooping quietly, she drew from between two papers, which had got curled and fastened at the edges, a sketch of a female head, almost life-size, a very beautiful face shaded by quantities of heavy dark hair. There was much sweetness in the face and a good deal of melancholy, and there was character about the mouth, and a certain firmness which rebelled against the soft sadness in the eyes. The chief beauty lay in the colouring, in the clear fairness of the skin contrasted with the ripe tinting of the cheeks and lips, and the shadows lying on the brows, under the eyelids, and thick about the head.

It was seldom that Mrs. Grey addressed Lord Ravelstock; but now, after regarding the drawing attentively, she said—

'My lord, may I ask if this is a portrait?'

Percy looked up in some surprise, glanced at the sketch, reddened slightly, and said—

'Oh! it is only a study done from a model.'

Mrs. Grey said, 'Thank you;' and Gwendaline picked up the picture.

'Oh, what a lovely face! I say, Percy' (they had got on pretty well during the past six weeks, considering that they called each other by their Christian names, as in the old times), 'wasn't she a beauty?'

'Yes, pretty well,' said my lord, shifting about rather uneasily, as he studied his work, now from one point of view, and now from another. 'But won't you come now, and let me get on?'

'Oh! yes, directly, when I have feasted my eyes on this beauty for a few minutes longer. Mrs. Grey, did you ever see——?' but Mrs. Grey was gone.

The picture progressed; and it must be owned that it did the painter credit, and proved that he had at least learned something whilst play-

ing artist in London. Very proud of it he was, and very complacently he looked at it, as he stood grinding his colours before the canvas. If any one had come and whispered in his ear that it never would be finished, I wonder what he would have said.

Time sped on. The hot July had long since melted into August, and August had carried its purple shadows and crimson glories into the heart of September. It had been one of those long, unbroken seasons of magnificent weather that come rarely to brood over these changeable islands. When they do come, we revel in them and wonder at them. Sometimes we tire of them, and sometimes we fear them with a vague dread that the shock of reaction will be sudden and severe. Who would not rather have the fitful passing clouds and rains, with their brilliant intervals of sunshine, or even the storm itself, than the sultry calm which precedes it, when the ear, tortured with stillness and suspense, listens intently for the first roll of the thunder?

Who under the Ravelstock roof-tree had thoughts like these? Percy? I cannot tell. I believe he sometimes had wakeful nights, and walked his room when he should have been asleep. But how should he dream of storms? There had been threatening storms, very black and dismal: so black that before this he might have been engulfed in their horrid shadow, had not the tide of circumstances carried him from under their menace and landed him on a high, dry, and pleasant shore. Gwendaline—beautiful, gay, affectionate—walked, talked, and rode at his side every day. He had but to speak. Thirty thousand pounds lay at his feet, inviting him to stoop and pick them up. And still he delayed doing so, and walked his room at night, and swore at his own folly; then went to bed and dreamed that Gwendaline stood before him wearing her bright hair in a net, which she pulled off as he knelt, while the yellow hair fell in a shower of real gold about him.

Why should Percy dread a storm?

True, he had heard of strong men being felled by a sun-stroke in the brilliant noon of a hot day. He had known of such a thing as lightning flying out of a cloud and blasting a young green tree. Was it the excess of his love that made him, whom many called reckless and daring, quail, and fret, and bite his nails in sullen irresolution, while he stamped his foot at the thought that anything could come between him and his prize? No; surely smiling lands were stretching afar in Percy's future, and he could dread no storm.

Was it Lady Ravelstock who nourished a fear in her heart and dreaded the future? Alas! no. Poor Lady Ravelstock rested like one who, having toiled a weary way up a steep height, reaches at last a sunny bank on which to repose—a sunny bank which may or may not hide an unseen precipice.

Was it Gwendaline? No. With that light step and gay laugh? No. With that bright face, for ever flinging its happiness like sunshine in other faces by day, and by night that dreaming head with its golden hair sweeping down the white pillow in the harvest moonlight? No, no, no! The young heart slept its golden slumber. It was not yet time to wake it.

It was the gray woman in the chintz chamber who stifled in the breathless sultriness of that long, spell-like calm. It was she who sat waiting for the storm to break over her head: she whose ears were distended for the groans of the thunder, the first roll of the muffled drum.

CHAPTER IX.

GATHERING SHADOWS.

A letter which Lord Ravelstock received in his chamber on a certain morning in the last week of September seemed to help him to his final decision if he needed a help. That afternoon he proposed a long ride to Gwendaline. They went; and at home in the drawing-room at Ravelstock my lady chatted her satisfaction to Mrs. Grey all day

long, and Mrs. Grey sat at her work as usual.

But in the evening my lady dozed, and Mrs. Grey strayed into the garden. Smiling and sympathizing with a kind friend does not seem hard work at which to spend the day; but it must have fatigued the gray woman, for she walked with a weary step and a worn face down the shady alleys of the garden.

The green arcades overhead were turning yellow fast: in the sunset light now they seemed changing their tints at every moment as the eye watched. Decay was at work already. Amber leaves with brown edges lay trodden into the clay, and crept in mouldy layers in under the boxwood borders of the flower-beds. Every group of green foliage was dashed with some deeper, fiercer colour; and the very intensity of brilliant light and hue seemed to forewarn that neutralization was at hand. Sound also signalled the ear of an approaching change. The rustling shower of leaves, brought to earth by the sweep of passing drapery; the pipe of a lonely bird, melancholy, where so many voices had swelled the chorus; a low, sudden wail, running with subdued cadence from tree to tree, even under such a sky, all said, 'Summer has passed; let the earth prepare for desolation.'

I think that the hushed isolation of remote country places, especially if they be in the neighbourhood of the sea or moors, at times tempts Nature's voice to speak with more than usual force and intelligence to the listening human ear. We lie awake at night, and we hear indescribable callings and whisperings. We walk abroad at evening, and strange shadows flit across our path, and strange voices murmur from behind rocks. The ever-running river has taken some new weird tone; the darkening air eddies in rustling waves of sound around our heads. We may not be able to interpret our great mother's language, forgetful children that we are, living our lives apart from her, and seldom hearkening to her voice. But we fell her meaning. With a thrilling awe we bow to her voice, and walk

on our way with nervous tread and expectant eye. We watch and wait for the Inevitable.

Lady Ravelstock sought Mrs. Grey in the garden, and told her that Gwendaline had promised to be her son's wife. It was late in the evening—quite twilight, and the joyful mother came out all the length of the garden in the chill air to communicate the good tidings to her companion and confidante, not having patience to wait till the gray woman should come in from the shadows into the lighted house.

The poor old lady quite raved. They were both so happy, she said. They were made for one another. Their attachment had begun in childhood. It was beautiful to see such true mutual love. Ah! her mother's heart was at rest. She did not care how soon she had to leave the world now. And the two women went back to the house.

The late dinner-table shone in the lustre of wax-lights, and the fire leaped merrily in the great comfortable dining-room. Ease, luxury, repose were suggested to any one on entering out of the shadows. When Mrs. Grey came in, Gwendaline, tired with her ride, lay on a couch in shelter of the sweeping window-curtains, with her yellow head resting on the purple cushion, like a primrose on a bed of violets. She was watching the rising moon, glistening among the trees, and cresting the line of ocean visible from the windows. Her eye passed over the shadowy moor that swept dark against the shining water. Its gloomy stretch could not make her melancholy then: it only tinged the scene with a shade of mystery which charmed her sentimental mood. And on this evening she was sentimental, poor little Gwendaline! Mrs. Grey shrank from her, and sat at the distant end of the room.

Later in the evening the lovers went off to the billiard-room. My lady sat at the fire with her netting, and talked to Mrs. Grey. Percy and Gwendaline—their looks, their characters, their sayings and doings in childhood, their engagement and approaching marriage—formed the sole topics of her conversation. And

Mrs. Grey listened and assented, as she was expected to do.

Later still, when the drawing-room was dark and lights were in the bed-rooms, she stood at her glass looking at her own face with wild eyes, which seemed to say, 'Shall I dare?' She bathed her face in something which she poured into her basin from a bottle—something which washed away the dark circles from under her eyes and the brown colour from her skin. Coming again to the table, the glass reflected a face so different that it was no wonder the woman herself started. It was now fair as alabaster, and the eyes shone large and brilliant from under the shadowy brows and lashes. The lips turned red and full in contrast with the pale fairness of the complexion. And over all, that strange gray hair hung like a cloud over a spring landscape.

She looked towards the passage, and clung to a chair, then sank into it and covered her face. 'I cannot to-night,' she said; 'not to-night.'

She locked her door, extinguished her light, and crept into her bed to weep and moan with her head buried in the pillows.

The next evening was one of excitement. A ball was given at Ravelstock Castle. Percy, exhilarated with the triumph of his happiness, elegant and courteous as a prince, handsomest where many were handsome, was seen going from one to another, dancing with all the pretty girls, dazzling them with his wit, his gallantry, and his good looks. The elderly gentlemen, to whom he talked wisdom and politics, shook their sober heads when he went, and gave their universal opinion that he was a remarkably clever young fellow, who would yet do honour to his name and country. All the old dowager mammas avowed he was a most charming young man, though not too much so for that pretty Gwendaline. Unimportant male branches of families bit their white kid finger-tops and looked after him with envy, while others with more good sense and good-nature followed him with admiring eyes, called him a 'jolly fellow,' and

resolved, if possible, to cultivate his acquaintance.

His long absence from Ravelstock had been always satisfactorily accounted for by his mother. He was travelling abroad, cultivating his talents for the arts. He was such an energetic, enthusiastic creature he could not settle down to a commonplace life of ease and pleasure like other young noblemen. With this kind of dust continually thrown in their eyes by Lady Ravelstock in her periodical visits of ceremony to her neighbours, those good people believed the young lord to be a kind of universal genius, a wonder of talent and research, who might one day flash among them and dazzle all their eyes. Since his arrival he had made himself exceedingly popular; and on this especial evening, when it was known that he had plighted his troth to the beautiful and wealthy Gwendaline Lisle, and would, in all probability, take the lead henceforth among them, all faces beamed upon him and all tongues announced his praises.

Lady Ravelstock sailed about her gay rooms like a kind-faced old dowager empress, full of dignity and hospitality. Now her eyes followed her son; and now his future wife—'queen-rose of the rose-bud garden of girls' there blooming around her, Gwendaline, dressed in a robe of crimson velvet, on whose soft, brilliant folds her arm rested, as fair as pearl, with rubies glowing among the golden wreaths of her hair.

And the night sped. Hour after hour was hurried into the past. Wine bubbled, laughter sparkled, eyes shone, and hearts danced as well as feet. Servants ran to and fro, lights blazed; all was glad confusion in the castle's living habitation. No one thought of the lonely woman who sat up in the chintz chamber with her racking headache, and watched the candle burn down and counted the hours. In the dim picture-gallery the shadows lay thick upon the faces on the wall; and in the deserted studio the easel stood solitary on its three skeleton legs, and the curtain hung over the unfinished portrait—never to be

finished. From the windows of the chintz chamber and all within its line a solemn moon was visible, gloating above sombre trees, and that shadowy moor which would receive no gift of light, and that glistening ocean stretch with the land rocks thrown up black and distinct against it. And the tide welled and welled about the dark

cliffs, and the moon beamed and beamed. And still the time went on, as it ever will do to the end, as it does now, as it did yesterday; and the night faded into dawn as a black stain is bleached gray. And the waters ebbcd, and the moon set; but to flow and rise yet once again for the gray woman.

VIOLETS.

THE DECISION OF THE FLOWER.*

'O gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well!
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from dimming thy tender blue.
Now will I number your leaves for my lot:
He loves not—He loves me—He loves me not!

L. E. LANDON.

ERE the swallow's homeward wing
To its native bower hath flown,
Or the genial airs of spring
Prompt the cuckoo's monotone;—

When an unseen presence fills
Every pulse with fresher life,
And the warm, moist air distils
Dews with honied fragrance rife;—

Hidden from the garish sun,
In some nook of tenderest green,
Waiting to be sought, ere won,
Peeps the violet from her screen;

Coy as maiden modesty,
Bowed the common gaze beneath;
Blue as fair Floranthe's eye;
Fragrant as her odorous breath;

Redolent of pleasures past,—
Hopes that no fruition knew;—
Bliss, too bitter-sweet to last;
Faith no vows can now renew;

* The Decision of the Flower is a custom well known throughout Germany, and has been long adopted, with some modifications, in the northern counties of England. Goethe, in his 'Faust,' has introduced Margaret in the act of thus testing her lover's fidelity; alternating the sentences of 'he loves me' and 'he loves me not,' as she plucks off one leaf of the flower after another. The words associated with the removal of the last leaf are supposed to decide the momentous question either in the affirmative or negative as the case may be. Among the flowers usually selected for this romantic ordeal may be mentioned the violet, daisy, primrose, and forget-me-not.

Remembrancer of love and spring,
Of days that long have taken flight;
Thy simple perfume seems to bring
Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

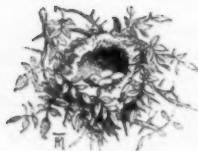
And she hath gathered violets blue,—
To mingle flowers might break the spell,—
And fain would try the test anew
That may her saddest doubt dispel!

Such ordeals now are idle all;
If needed, love is love no more;
And tests that wishes vain recall
But tell us what we knew before!

'He loves me not!' 'He loves me still!'
Oh that such faith were yet my lot!
Or that this leaf might work my will,
That says, alas! 'He loves me not!'

'He loves me not!' It cannot be,
Till honour, faith itself be dead,
I'll not accept the sad decree
Till every leaf I hold be shed.

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
What reck's it to the broken heart?
How vain the breath that whispers peace,
When love and hope for aye depart!





‘HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT.’

(See ‘VIOLETS,’ p. 173.)

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TOBOGGING.

‘AND what is Toboggining?’ will be the exclamation of nine out of ten readers. Well, Toboggining is a Canadian amusement, with which I have not the smallest doubt in the world your brother, cousin, or friend, whether in the Guards, Rifles, Artillery, or Line, now garrisoning British North America, has by this time a very intimate acquaintance; and I also venture to predict he will mention its delights in glowing terms in the next letter he writes home, if he has not already done so. However, as he may not take the trouble to describe it minutely, let me try to do so.

In the first place, it would shock the sensibilities of the Seven Matrons of Belgravia and their superlatively

brought up daughters, no doubt, not a little, and yet there is no more harm in it than in waltzing—both are innocent, except to those who wilfully make them otherwise.

Toboggining, then, is a sort of ‘Montagne Russe au Naturel,’ indulged in after the following manner:—First, as Mrs. Glass says, ‘Catch your hare,’ or get a toboggin; and here let me remark that I never found two people in Canada who spelt that word in the same way, *tarboggon*, *treboggin*, *tobogan*, and so on, ringing the changes upon the letters like a sum in variations and combinations; but let that pass—it is the name of an Indian sledge, and this is a sketch of it.



It is made of a piece of thin, tough wood, about 8 feet long and 20 inches wide, turned up at one end, which is then kept in position by fastenings of a deer's hide: it is further strengthened by a couple of very light rods, as thick as your finger, running down each side, and by two or three other rods crossing them. The bottom is then perfectly smooth, and, as you see by the picture, is well adapted to glide lightly over the snow.

Now, when an Indian goes to the woods in winter, he invariably takes his toboggin with him, on which he packs his game to carry it home. This is its normal use, but the pleasure-loving Canadians use it for amusement, as you will see.

Having got your toboggin, you next make up a party, male and female; and on a fine day, with one of those glorious Canadian skies above, and five feet of snow below you, start for some neighbouring hill where the ground slopes away smoothly and steeply—the steeper the better. At Quebec and Kingston the glacis of the citadels were the favourite spots; at Montreal 'the mountain.' And now for a little work. You must first drag your toboggin to the top of the hill; and although it is very light, and you are feeling cold, you will most probably be warm enough by the time you get up, especially if the slide be long and steep. Arrived at the top, you suggest to one of your fair companions your desire to be her charioteer, or perhaps I ought to say toboggineer, down the hill, which polite offer she (conscious of the perils of the way) declines, till she sees how you can guide one of your fellow-men down first. If you are fresh from England she exercises a wise discretion; for, urged by her vote of 'want of confidence,' you boldly depart with your venturesome freight, or better still, for the first time, by yourself. Seating yourself firmly on the toboggin, with a bit of stick in each hand to act as rudder, a friend starts you from the summit. For the first ten yards or so your course is true, and all goes well; but now you fancy the head of your toboggin inclines a

little too much to the right, so, according to instructions, you instantly use the left-hand rudder by plunging it into the snow. Alas! 'gently does it' is as true here as in horsebreaking: your craft immediately answers to the helm, and swings round to the left, of course ten times too much. 'Right hand! right hand!' shout your sympathizing friends, and in it goes twice as hard as the other—brings your toboggin broadside on to the hill, and a roll is inevitable; besides which, your treacherous vehicle, left to itself, slowly rights, gathers way, and by the time you pick yourself up, is going down the hill at a pace which will certainly give you half-a-mile's run to fetch it. Never mind, a roll in the snow does not hurt, and an Englishman won't be done; so off you go, and in ten minutes are up the hill again, and ready for another trial.

But now mark this party start on their trip, and see if you can gather a hint or two. The gentleman has toboggined since he was five years old, and so ought to be a pretty good hand. The lady he asks has no hesitation in trusting herself to him. Gathering herself well together, and tucking in all superfluous garments, she seats herself in the front part of the toboggin, he immediately behind her, as you see in the picture.

And off they go. See how the lightest touch to right or left corrects any little deviation in its course. In truth, it requires but very little guidance; the 'way' the craft has on must almost keep its head straight if it is let alone, and has a good start. Every moment it goes quicker and quicker—ten, twenty, thirty miles an hour is the pace if the snow is hard, the toboggin well worn, and the hill steep. They dash by you toiling up the hill in a cloud of snow of their own raising, and, almost breathless, find themselves at the end of the incline, but still carried far on to the level by the impetus they have acquired: slower and slower they go, and finally come to a standstill.

But what a glorious spin they have had! The rush in those two

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minutes, in which they have come nearly a mile, was of itself worth coming to Canada for. You will never get it in England, for you have neither the snow nor the toboggin. You must go the West Indies to eat land-crabs, and to Canada to learn toboggining. A steady hand, a good eye, and tolerable nerve will soon make you *au fait*, and then you will easily succeed in getting a fair freight. Even if you do get an occasional roll, what of it? Either the Canadian ladies manage their crinolines better than the English ones, or take some unknown precaution before they go toboggining; for there are more 'strange objects' to be seen in one day at the seaside, gathering sea-anemones and zoophytes at Scarborough or Ilfracombe, than I saw in three seasons' toboggining in Canada.

So, fair reader, if love or fortune ever carry you to Canada, do not fail to join the first toboggining party you are invited to. Consult a Canadian friend about the little affairs above alluded to. Put aside your English scruples, and I think you will candidly confess that a good slide is capital fun, although you are obliged to lean somewhat familiarly upon your Canadian guide.

After you have learnt toboggining, should your good fortune take you to Quebec in the early spring of the year, you will most likely be asked to join a sliding-party at Montmorenci.

This is the *crème de la crème* of the art, and on its glories I will expatiate some future time.

P. L.



THE CATTLE SHOW.

(INCLUDING A SKETCH OF TWO 'ANGELS' AT ISLINGTON.)



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

WHEN my uncle John, whose namesake and godson I have the honour to be, has got a project in his head, nothing in this world but an attack of gout (to which he is occasionally subject) can swerve him from his purpose. It is a clear case of

'*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*,' &c.

by which, translated freely, I mean that he is just one of those tenacious old parties who will carry out what he proposes. For instance, a week or so before Christmas, instead of remaining quietly at Hollygate until after that festive season had passed, nothing would satisfy him but running up to town for the Cattle Show; and as if this was not sufficiently irrational in a person of his age, he must needs bring two of 'the girls,'

i. e. my fair cousins, with him. Not that they raised any particular objections to coming. Why should they? Wasn't Agnes, their elder sister, left at home to manage the house, with the assistance of Mrs. Plumtree, the housekeeper (who, I may here remark, *en passant*, has the finest receipt for egg-flip known in the west of England)? 'Wasn't Agnes,' they urged, 'left there by her own choice, and for the express purpose of seeing about the coals, and blankets, and woollen socks for half the poor in the village—of going to read to Goody Thompson's boy, who was laid up with a bad foot—of helping the curate in the choir practice at St. Mary's, and finishing the embroidery of that antependium?' Of course she was; and so you will find in every family some dear, good 'angel in the house'

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who is always ready to do duty for us all—to-day for you, my fair peruser; to-morrow, perhaps, for me—no matter—any one she can assist in her unselfish, quiet way, while we go on our way, and take our pleasure.

So Rose and Kitty came with their papa to town, and put up at Box's famed hotel in Jermyn Street, whither I was summoned from my chambers by a little mauve-coloured billet soon after their arrival. Upon my word, there is no end of these interruptions to work. They come periodically to every British student who doesn't lead the life of a hermit. Look at Christmas, for instance. That is a time of the year especially set apart and dedicated (with sanction of the Church) to honest pleasure. Can I be drawing the figure when I ought to be drawing forfeits—cutting chalk when I might be carving turkey—using caoutchouc instead of taking a hand at another sort of rubber, and mixing varnishes as a miserable substitute for whiskey-punch? Of course not; and so Christmas is my Grand Annual Interruption Number One. Well, I have scarcely recovered from the unsettling effects of this festivity when the Season approaches. Perhaps I have sent my great work of the year to the Royal Academy—say an heroic incident in the battle of Prague (suggested by certain passages in a celebrated musical composition of that name), or the Birth of St. Simeon Stylites perhaps; in short, I have produced a sensation picture, or perhaps on the other hand, which is more probable, I have done nothing of the kind. Anyhow, what with drums, routs, hops, and tea-fights, no one can work—no one can *paint* in the Season, except, perhaps, a few old dowagers who exercise that art in the most strictly private manner, and generally in repairing their own complexions. So the London Season is my Grand Annual Interruption Number Two. As for the autumn, every one, as you know, goes out of town; and though one may repair to the seaside ostensibly for the sake of sunsets—mount Ben Nevis in search of landscape, and go

yachting to study waves—I know full well how all these pseudo-artistic excursions end, as far as I am concerned, and how impossible it is to call the Long Vacation anything but my Grand Annual Interruption Number Three.

The slight hiatus in my studies occasioned by my cousins' arrival in town, I cannot (in common gallyantry) say that I regret. Indeed, as I had not seen them for some three months, I laid aside my mah-stick cheerfully at their summons, and did not grumble when Mr. Hansom's representative, who drove me to Jermyn Street, romanced considerably on his proper fare. Who could venture on a dispute with a cabman before the threshold of Box's famous hostelry? There is an air of quiet dignity about the place which rises above the consideration of shillings, which no one, with a due respect for Box and the Constitution, would venture to disturb. The bare idea of an altercation with Mr. Badge Two-naught-seventy-six—of his asking satirically, on receipt of the proper fare, 'What's this?'—of his remarking, audibly, that I was no gentleman—of his suggesting, with irony, that I had better keep the proffered sum for my washing, &c., &c.—filled me with a silent horror; and I confess that I would have paid anything rather than incur the mild, reproachful look of that too respectable porter in Box's hall after such a scene. It may be a superstition on my part arising from youthful associations, but I have always looked on Box's establishment as the great original metropolitan family hotel, of which all imitations must be spurious. Talk not to me of Claridge and Mivart—of monster terminus hotels, and modern innovations. A century of patronage has given Box his fame. The wide and many-paned bay-windows projecting modestly into the street—the carved oak staircase winding up to bedrooms, of which four-posters form the leading feature, and all other articles of furniture are kept subordinate—the snug but ample coffee-room, built at a time when people really ordered coffee in it—but,

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above all, the dear old-fashioned bar, redolent of brown sherry and fragrant souchong (N.B. All truly respectable bars are sure to smell of tea)—these, I say, are signs of comfort and hospitality which are peculiarly characteristic of Box's house.

I am ushered by a most demure and deferential waiter into one of Box's sitting-rooms, and find my worthy uncle and fair cousins discussing one of Box's breakfasts, including Box's famous bacon, bread, and butter, Miss Rose gracefully presiding at the tea-urn, and Kitty, with her healthy rural appetite, going in for muffins to an extent that would at once have incapacitated me for any physical exertion during the day. As for my uncle, he greeted me as much like a father as is consistent with the dignity of an uncle, and forthwith announced that they were all going to the Cattle Show after breakfast, and expected me to be their escort.

Now, not being of a peculiarly agricultural or bucolic turn of mind myself, and being equally ignorant of the merits of 'Scotch-poll'd' and 'short horns,' I would willingly have proposed some other diversion; but, in the first place, there was nothing else going on at that hour of the morning, and secondly, Ro—; but am I bound to give a second reason? Of course I complied with Mr. Winsome's wishes like a dutiful nephew—dawdled over breakfast until mid-day, when one of Box's double broughams was ordered, and we all drove off to Islington. The road to that remote but favoured suburb first lay through the west-end squares and streets, and Kitty begged that I would ask the man to drive as slowly as possible, that she might enjoy that transient prospect of shop-windows which appears to be a never-failing source of pleasure to the youthful, and especially female, mind; and this fact (added to the somewhat antiquated appearance of our carriage, which, though eminently respectable, was certainly out of date) caused many unpleasant observations to be levelled at the head of our charioteer when, by loitering about, he came in contact

with other vehicles. Indeed, some gentlemen of the whip addressed him from the omnibuses as 'gardener,' thereby implying an ungenerous suspicion that his avocation was of a twofold character, and desiring him, ever and anon, in emphatic language, to 'wake up,' as though he had been suffering from the effects of a powerful opiate. But as we left the busy pavement and glittering shop-windows of the west, our pace grew faster, and presently we entered on that long and dreary wilderness, the New Road.

There is something to me painfully deceptive in the title of that thoroughfare. In a 'New' Road one would naturally expect something bright and cheerful, with all the latest improvements in macadamization, well-drained gutters, wide and clean-swept trottoirs, young saplings planted by the wayside, or at least a street of well-built, tidy houses. But, alas! as the poet has remarked, 'What's in a name?' The New Road has only one element of novelty about it, which is, that it looks as if it had been begun, and never meant to be finished. It is a sort of cheap-and-nasty speculation ground—a half-reformed Alsatia—a vulgar compromise between semigeeteel residences and shabby shops—a dingy colony of ugly trades. Here on the right an enterprising builder rears his sign before a yard where scaffold-poles and ladders crop up innumerable. Over the way a stonemason or statuary is established, who fills his court with plaster casts from the antique or monster vases for the gardens of the great. Perhaps Antinous appears without a nose, or Jove Omnipotens with dank green mildew on his compe beard. Sometimes the gladiators wrestle there begrimed and sooty, or Aphrodite rises from behind a row of chimney-pots. Anon a monster lion wags his broken tail ignobly at the passing cabs, and here and there you see a headless eagle perched upon a moss-grown column.

A little further on is the lollipop shop full of stale pastry and fly-blown buns. Here you may buy the celebrated Albert rock and

dubious 'bull's eyes,' or those well-puffed lozenges described as 'cough no more' (probably from the speed with which they put the sufferer beyond the reach of medicine). Here also are ginger-pop and that mysterious effervescent white powder which is always kept in light-green bottles, and called sherbet, for the consumption of little boys who will pay twopence for a stomach-ache. And all along the road, at certain intervals, are stationed rude and greasy men, with tightly-buttoned coats and paper collars, who thrust into the faces of the passers-by a pair of vulgar, worthless photographs, with a saucy hint that you should 'ave yer portrait took for sixpence. I wonder by what strange exemption from the law of nuisances these gentlemen are still allowed to ply their calling. Suppose the cheap tobacconist, the early coffee-house proprietor, the coal and cabbage merchant touted also for their customers, how much longer would our streets be passable, and when would the police interfere?

Compare the rank disorder, the ugly slovenliness of this great thoroughfare with the well-built, cheerful aspect of any modern Paris boulevard, and confess that Louis Napoleon, with all his faults, has learned the art of street-making.

Turning off to the left we drive through the classic region of Pentonville, and pass several omnibuses packed out and inside with ruddy, well-conditioned farmers bound for the same destination as ourselves. The drivers of these vehicles, anxious to reap a goodly harvest from the Cattle Show, kept shouting out to supposititious 'fares' along the road—'Now then, Angel! An-gill! Here you are, mum! Angel,' &c., which caused Miss Kitty to inquire, with charming simplicity, why they addressed their passengers in such endearing terms. This illusion was, however, soon dispelled on nearing the tavern which bears that celestial name. The Angel Inn is certainly a most unangelic-looking place, reminding one of a dilapidated Mechanics' Institute, which has taken to beer in later life and broken out into innumerable 'bars' in conse-

quence. There is the public bar full of 'bus cads' and costermongers, the private bar with boozy tipplers from the street; there is the retail and bottle entrance with a narrow door, and there is the supplementary tap-room, which is apparently all window, and of which the chief characteristics are sawdust and spittoons. The immediate neighbourhood of the 'Angel' is principally remarkable for retaining the last of those hideous devices, the illuminated-clock-and-advertising-column, and also for giving the casual visitor an impression that the gentlemen of Islington, when not actually engaged in drinking at the Angel, are smoking fiercely on their own account. Never have I seen in the same extent of superficial area so many tobacconists' shops. The proportion which they bear to other trades is wonderful. Here is a pastrycook's establishment and a tobacconist's, and a pork-butcher's and a tobacconist's, and a hosier, and a greengrocer, and a tobacconist in a small way, and a barber, and a baker, and an ironmonger, and a tobacconist in a very large way; and further on, when we think we have arrived at a stationer's, we find him selling envelopes and sealing-wax indeed on one of his counters, but he is sure to do a little in the way of 'baccy on the other. In short, if that lamented monarch, James I., could but revisit this sphere, I make no doubt he would issue another edition of his 'Counterblast' for the especial benefit and warning of his subjects at Islington.

The Agricultural Hall is an 'imposing edifice' (as the art-critic hath it) 'in the Italian style.' It is built chiefly of red and yellow bricks arranged in such a way as to excuse the unartistic observation which I overheard an honest farmer make—that it reminded him of streaky bacon. My uncle, whose recollections of a London Cattle Show date from the Goswell Street era, and who has since learnt to associate it with carriage-harness and Madame Tussaud's exhibition, was loud in his praises of the building. Miss Winsome, too, was pleased to smile her approval as I helped her to

alight from the carriage, and we all walked cheerfully up the long lane of advertisements which led to the body of the building. What strange complications of advertisement!

what wondrous incongruities appeared in print along that passage wall! The 'posters' jostled each other to that extent that the separate texts fused into long and



straggling sentences, containing the most extraordinary announcements, such as—

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH . . . THE UNRIVALLED SHORT-HORNED HEIFER WEIGHT 2,000 POUNDS . . . WILL APPEAR SHORTLY IN THE . . . ROSE OF CASTILE WITH . . . INDIA-RUBBER LEGGINGS &c., &c.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD AND CHEAP OVERCOAT? . . . TRY THE CELEBRATED OYSTER, LUNCHEON, AND SUPPER ROOMS, WHERE YOU WILL FIND . . . SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE, &c.

SAM COLLINS, THE RENOWNED COMIC VOCALIST, WILL GIVE AN . . . ORDINARY EVERY DAY AT 1 O'CLOCK, AND COLD COLLATION, CONSISTING OF . . . AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF TURKEY SPONGES WITH . . . EVERY VARIETY OF BOOTS AND SHOES AT PRICES REALLY ASTONISHING.

HIGHBURY BARN. A SELECT AND COMPLIMENTARY BALL WILL BE GIVEN AT THIS FAVOURITE RESORT, TO . . . THE BISHOP OF LONDON, PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY . . . N.B.—SUPERIOR BATHS FOR LADIES, &c., &c.

SURREY THEATRE. PHELPS, THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONLY IN . . . A GUINEA WIG WITH TRANSPARENT PARTING MADE EXPRESSLY . . . BY MR. SPURGEON AT THE . . . ORIGINAL JUDGE AND JURY SOCIETY IN THE STRAND, &c., &c.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR AND WHISKERS? . . . SEND FOR

CATHRILL'S
CONCENTRATED
ONDISMENT,

WARRANTED IN A FEW DAYS TO IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF ANY BEAST, &c.

HOT JOINTS . . . TO BE LET ON LEASE,

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WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION . . IN ADDITION TO 200 GROSS OF HALF-GUINEA CRYSTAL SPECTACLES, SUITABLE TO EVERY SIGHT, AND INTENDED FOR . . . A CHRISTMAS TESTIMONIAL TO MR. F—.

THE ONLY REALLY EFFICIENT HAIR-DYE IS TO BE FOUND IN . . . FLYNN'S WATERPROOF BOOT, TO BE HAD ONLY AT . . . MADAME TUSSAUD'S IN BAKER STREET, WHERE ALSO MAY BE SEEN SEVERAL NEW ADDITIONS, VIZ., MESSRS. MASON AND SLIDELL, RICHARD THE FIRST AND . . . A MACHINE FOR CLIPPING HORSES, WHICH WILL BE EXHIBITED DURING THE CATTLE SHOW WEEK.

GRAND ANNUAL DINNER AT THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN—LORD FEVERSHAM IN THE CHAIR . . ALL HAY AND STRAW MUST BE BROUGHT INTO THE BUILDING BEFORE SIX O'CLOCK—SMOKING STRICTLY FORBIDDEN.

Further on we saw the handbill of a photographic firm, calling attention to the superiority of their portraits, immediately above the vignette likeness of a fine young bull; and the merits of Thorley's food for cattle set forth in immediate proximity to the name of a certain plethoric and public character, whose name nothing shall induce me to reveal.

Conspicuous above the crowd, on a placard by himself, and flourishing that famous and much-dishevelled umbrella with which he has become identified, appeared Mr. Unsworth, the inimitable 'stump orator,' who no doubt in person amused hundreds of those 'young men from the country' that a popular song represents as being possessed of such unusual sagacity.

Having procured change at the little 'al fresco' counter which is established for the purpose (an admirable plan, by the way, to prevent confusion at the turnstile), Mr. Winsome ventured on a venerable pun about our present sovereign being worth four crowns, whereat we charitably laughed and entered the building. The view presented of the hall inside is a sort of triple alliance between a railway station, a riding-school, and a slice of the Crystal Palace. It is light, airy, and well ventilated, and altogether

does great credit to Mr. Peck, whose name has luckily stopped short of that enclitic 'sniff' which calls to mind another architect familiar to the friends of 'Martin Chuzzlewit.'

How shall I venture to describe the meaty glories of this Christmas show? If I possessed the pen of Mr. Samuel Sydney—I mean, of course, the goose-quill, not a sheepfold—I might recount the merits of each class, draw nice distinctions between 'long' and 'short wools,' give graphic notices of each steer and heifer, descant upon the qualities of back and chine, show what proportion of success was due to oil-cake, how much to swedes and barley-meal. But being unfortunately neither a cattle breeder nor a cattle painter, and possessing only that limited connoisseurship which distinguishes the worth of beef and mutton at the dinner-table, I was content to look calmly down those lengthy avenues of oxtail as a simple amateur. My uncle, on the contrary, a west of England man, and zealous for the honour of his county, backed the Devon cattle and Dartmoor mutton warmly against the field, and presently entered into such a fierce discussion with a friend of his, an agriculturist from Ludlow, who contended for the excellence of Hereford breed, that my cousins and I were glad to escape and listen to the piping bullfinch, which issued many notes before the day had closed in aid of the Lancashire Distress Fund. Between ourselves, I think 'the girls' were rather disappointed with the Cattle Show. When ladies from our rural districts come up to town, no doubt they naturally prefer that class of amusements which they lack at home. The Misses Winsome had abundant opportunities of studying the habits of the bovine tribe upon the farm at Hollygate, and did not care to be reminded of the presence of prize pigs by the unmistakable effluvium which reached us from the porkers' antechamber.

'I wish, dear Jack,' exclaimed Miss Rose to me, 'that you would write to the "Times," and suggest that the Agricultural Hall should be perfumed by Rimmel's scent,

like that nice old fountain at the Exhibition (which I suppose we shan't see any more, now that they have decided not to award the prizes, nor give a ball, nor do anything jolly there again); I dare say it wouldn't cost so very much—the scent, I mean; and really those pigs—I don't mind it so much in the country, but in London, you know, it's dreadful. You might call it the Islington Essence; or stay, you know there is a "Jockey Club Bouquet," why not a "*Cattle Club Deodoriser*?"

To this I replied that I should be very glad to write to the '*Times*' or anywhere else for her sake, but having already indited several eloquent letters to that journal on various subjects, from street organs up to convict settlements, none of which the editor had thought proper to insert, I hardly felt justified in troubling him about the *Cattle Club Deodoriser* at present. I reminded her, however, that the widely-circulated pages of '*London Society*' would be the best means of bringing her scheme before the notice of the British public, and perhaps Mr. Rimmel might be induced to take the matter up, being a manufacturer no less distinguished for exotic perfumes than for his *common scents*.

Whether the ladies would have appreciated this ingenious little pun in proper time I cannot say; but just at that moment up came my worthy uncle (having failed to shake the Hereford gentleman's faith in short horns) and led us off to see Mr. Heath's prize 'three-year-old,' whose legs and ribs and flanks we found the subject of great admiration to the surrounding crowd. Over the head of each beast were inscribed particulars of its weight, food, pedigree, breeder, &c., on a little tablet, which worked on a pivot; and Mr. Winsome experienced some annoyance at finding this register continually pulled round to the opposite side by some equally enthusiastic spectator just as he was calling our attention to the important facts that the '*Countess*' of Hereford was five years old, or that the diet of Mr. Neale's heifer had been linseed cake and barley.

'Linseed cake! Oh, papa, how very nasty!' cries Miss Kitty, who probably associated that nutritious esculent with cataplasms; 'I wonder it didn't make the poor thing sick. It *does* look very tired,' and here both the ladies fell to patting and fondling the poultice-fed darling in a way which made me really almost wish to be a 'three-year-old' myself. It was in extending these endearments to a charming long-wooled wether that my youngest cousin spoilt a pair of lovely mauve-coloured gloves with which I had presented her that very morning, being unaware that the sleek and spruce appearance of her 'pretty Southdown' was partly owing to the fact that their coats were kept well oiled.

The names and titles of the cattle became the subject of much amusement to some of us. Isn't it *Basanio*, in the '*Merchant of Venice*,' who sings—

'Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head!
How begot, how nourish'd?'

The youthful Venetian might have had these questions answered in the Agricultural Hall, where it was announced that little 'Fancy' (a Hereford cow) had been bred by Mr. Coate, of Sherborne, Dorset; that her sire was 'Young Protection,' and her mamma, 'dam Mystery,' also that she had been 'nourished' on hay, swedes, turnips, and oil-cake. To conclude (approximately) in the words of the immortal bard:

'It was engendered with huge eyes,
With g(r)azing fed; and Fancy dies
Not in the cradle where it lies.
Let us not ring Fancy's knell,
She won't hear her ding-dong bell!'

'Be that young Moss Rose? Well she *is* a pretty creetur; never saw a finer head nor neck!' exclaimed a Devonshire farmer close behind us. Poor Miss Winsome blushed scarlet, and my uncle turning round angrily to see who had made this impertinent observation, discovered that this compliment had not been offered to my cousin, but was intended for young Moss Rose, Lord Portman's heifer, aged 2 years and 10 months. The old gentleman, who was beginning with, 'How dare you, sir?' had

just time to 'pull up' in his reproof, and we all laughed heartily at the mistake. Of course the four-footed Rose came in for more caresses; and this time I took upon myself to select a few hairs from between the dear creature's horns (having often and vainly solicited a lock from Miss Winsome's tresses), which I deposited with great care in my pocket-book.

'How can you be so stupid, sir?' whispers that lady in my ear; 'I'm sure papa saw you do that. If you are so very anxious to possess a souvenir, why don't you ask Kitty for one? I am sure she can spare it much better than I; and her hair is such a lovely colour too!'

Upon which I reminded my cousin that—well, I reminded her of something that had nothing on earth to do with the Cattle Show, and therefore cannot possibly interest the reader of this article.

Anxious to 'do' the Exhibition thoroughly, my uncle took us into the machinery department, explaining, as we went, the various merits of roller mills, straw-carriers, root-slicers, scarifiers, and all those wonderful inventions which save half the labour, and take away more than half the romance, of English husbandry. When I find Horace laying down that each particular kind of poetry should maintain with just decorum its destined place,* I wonder what sort of sentiment he would have derived from modern agriculture. The 'Pastorals' of Gray—of Thomson—of Goldsmith—don't they sound strangely in bucolic ears to-day?—

'Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield;
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke?'

Those lines to which as children we were accustomed to listen, which then accurately described the toils and pleasures of a rural life, will seem, in a few years' time, to allude to an exploded and primeval state of things, as foreign to our notions of scientific farming as the details

of the battle of the Nile would be to modern sailors. 'Sickle'—'furrow'—'team!'—the words will soon be obsolete. The harvest of 1863 will yield more to 'self-delivery' reaping-machines than sickles. We now break up the 'stubborn glebe' with steam-power tillage. Circular saws cut up our timber; and as for 'driving teams afield,' haven't we Bray's traction engines to do the needful?

It is the same with everything. With travelling by land, with travelling by water, with portrait-painting, with woman's handiwork, with instrumental music, with every manual art which had its poetry, and which we can turn to dullest prose by chemistry or cogwheels. Formerly we associated the mechanism of artificial life with towns alone; it is now developed in our fields. I look down the long range of 'patent' implements and engines—of ploughs and 'hay-makers'—'drills' and 'horse-hoes'—'chaff-cutters' and 'corn-screens'; and hear they do their work so admirably, that rustic 'swains' and nymphs, shepherds and shepherdesses, and all who piped or danced in old Arcadia must take their congé. Even the milkmaid's occupation is gone: the cows are operated on by artificial means, and, as an agricultural orator remarked at a public dinner lately, 'with much more satisfaction to themselves'—though how he had been able to ascertain their views on the subject, I don't exactly see. Perhaps there is such a machine as a Boicopsephometer, or vaccine-sentiment-test? I don't know. At all events, it is quite as good Greek as most of the patent names.

In the gallery we saw a rotatory threshing apparatus, constructed on somewhat of the same principle as those sixpenny toys of one's youth wherein cheap flocks of little sheep with pink eyes and worsted tails performed endless gyrations on a piece of tape to doleful wiry music. This machine became a sort of amateur treadmill for all the boys in the building; and I confess I saw some hulking fellows jumping and vibrating upon it with the greatest pleasure. I dare say it didn't hurt

* 'Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.'—*Ars Poetica*.

the works very much, and it was so very refreshing to find anything like fun knocked out of this department.

We next accompanied Mr. Winsome (much against the ladies' wishes) to see the pigs. Saving the smell, which is not pleasant, I rather hold with prize pigs. To see fine oxen staggering beneath a load of fat I think is painful, and I have some sympathy with those poor, panting, overfed, immoderately clothed 'Cotswolds;' but I don't feel the least compunction for dairy-fed swine. It seems, as it were, their own fault entirely. They always were selfish, sulky gluttons, and deserve their doom. In looking at them, somehow one forgets their Life in their Flesh. That 'sensible warm motion' has already become 'a kneaded clod.' It is not 'the delighted spirit' which will 'bathe in fiery floods;' it is the pig which will be roasted; and if there is any delighted spirit in the matter, it is that of the cook who will be looking on. There is something to me very suggestive of sausage-meat in 'Mr. Baker's black Hampshire;' and I was reminded of 'crackling' when I first heard of Mr. Crisp's prize sow. There they both lay, snorting and grunting in the straw, with a log of wood beneath their snouts to prevent the chance of suffocation. They had an ante-room all to themselves—comfortable no doubt, but not so

ornate as the rest of the building. The only decoration I saw on its walls was a strict injunction not to smoke—a rule which might have been dispensed with here, for I am satisfied that the few ladies who *did* venture into this retreat would have preferred tobacco to the unadulterated scent which reached them.

What can I say further on the Cattle Show? Shall I be profoundly hypocritical, and praise where I cannot appreciate? I might affect an interest in 'little Leicesters'—show why the Duke of Beaufort's steer bore off the prize—dilate on the advantages of Thorley's food for cattle, which appears to be advertised every day, at every place, under every variety of circumstances, and, if we may believe the pictorial placard at railway stations, 'converts the commonest hay or straw into a superior provender'—I might, I say, allude to these and other subjects connected with the Islington Exhibition, but I refrain. The object of my earliest ambition was to be a gentleman farmer, and no doubt, if I had embraced it, I should have shone in the profession. But Fate willed otherwise, and, consequently, I know very little about the matter. I expect to be more enlightened when I return from Hollygate, where I have been invited by my Uncle John. Meanwhile, I remain

Yours, faithfully,

JACK EASEL.



THE BELLE OF A GARRISON TOWN.



WHEN I lived with my uncle at Plymouth—
 'Tis now twenty summers ago—
 I was wont to pay court to a damsel,
 Where waves whisper under the Hoe.
 Her sweet Christian name was Amelia;
 Her loved patronymic was Brown;
 Oh, why did I fix my affections
 On the Belle of a Garrison Town?

The first floor of her heart (like the lodgings
 Whereby Brown, *mère*, a living did earn)
 Was by officers occupied always
 Of the regiments there quartered in turn:
 While I (like the man in the attic,
 Whose rent every week was paid down)
 Was retain'd, 'mid all flirtings erratic,
 By the Belle of the Garrison Town.

Yet if e'er of her wandering fancy
 I ventured aloud to complain—
 'There's no harm,' she replied, 'that I can see,
 If I *do* waltz with Captain Maclean!'—
 But then, when the Highlanders quitted,
 Came the Fiftieth, of fighting renown;
 And she found a new flame, as befitted
 The Belle of a Garrison Town.

Her figure was natty and dainty,
 And white were her neck and her brow,
 And her cheek was red—rosy, not painty—
 I can't say the same for it now!
 For last summer at Plymouth I met her
 (Her hotel is the best there—The Crown),
 And she's altered—but not for the better—
 The Belle of the Garrison Town.

Her cheek bears the Bloom Oriental
 A neighbouring hairdresser vends;
 And her smile displays miracles dental,
 Where metal with ivory blends;
 While her curls, so short, frequent, and frizzy,
 Are a cocoanut-fibre-like brown.
 Yes, the hand of Old Time has been busy
 With the Belle of the Garrison Town!

Ah, well! We're both older and staidier,
 And her late licensed-victualling spouse,
 Who a rich buxom widow has made her,
 Has left her an excellent house;
 Where ('mid other things worthy of comment)
 Some excellent wine is laid down;—
 'Tis in that I am pledging this moment
 The Belle of the Garrison Town!

Ah, once every word she would utter,
 My innermost breast could control—
 Now I'm stirred when she says 'melted butter
 Is the very best thing for my sole'—
 For the stomach and heart are connected,
 Both feel, when on one the fates frown—
 And my heart through my stomach 's affected
 By the Belle of the Garrison Town!

Why, I own that I love a good dinner,
 Washed down with a good glass of wine—
 She gives both good, as I am a sinner,
 And her Hollands are almost divine!
 Well, any poor fellow she *did* owe
 Amends for an early cast down,
 Might do worse than to marry the widow—
 Ex-Belle of the Garrison Town!

T. II.



AMONG THE BLACKBERRIES.

A CHARMING picture is peerless Kate,
 Although but a country maiden,
 As under a hedge she stands, tip-toe,
 With tempting berries o'erladen ;
 Her hair of chestnut, and hazel eyes
 From under her straw hat peeping—
 Eyes that hide in their depths a spice
 Of innocent mischief sleeping.

The other side of the hedge strolls Frank,
 Sighing and watching her sadly—
 Sir Philip riding along the road,
 Has seen, and hastes to her gladly.
 While Kate, as if intent on her task,
 Her merriest ballad hummeth ;
 Noting the while how close draws one,
 The nearer the other cometh.

With well-feigned rapture Sir Philip cries,
 'What task so pleasant as this is !
 Let *me* the basket with berries fill,
 And *you* reward me with kisses !'
 But Kate, with a half-offended air,
 Objects to such style of paying ;
 And he pronounces himself her slave,
 Whatever she wills *obeying*.

But gathering berries in light kid gloves
 And a suit for summer wearing,
 Results in deeply dying the first,
 And the latter sadly tearing.
 And treading a bank where thorny trails
 Are closely clinging together,
 Not light-heeled Mercury long could bear,
 If his boots were patent leather.

And soon Sir Philip exclaims, 'Sweet Kate,
 Oh ! do not call me capricious
 For owning myself surprised that you
 Can deem these wildlings delicious.
 Luscious they look 'midst the leaves I know,
 But thus to climb and to scramble
 Is energy wasted, if nought it wins
 But fruit from a wayside bramble.

'Ah ! let the reward of such efforts be
 A heart, like thine own, securing,
 And what canst thou bid me dare, or do,
 That will not be worth enduring ?'
 To add effect to his speech he seeks
 A spot at her feet for kneeling,
 But thorns lurk there, and a man in love
 Is full of sensitive feeling.

Among the Blackberries.

Now, Frank in his hiding gnaws his lip,
But Kate says—blushing and smiling—
'Confess, Sir Philip, these words mean nought
But an idle hour's beguiling;
And Conscience warns me that flirting thus
Is very meanly coquetting
With a passion that must be pure and deep,
Or lead to a life's regretting.'

Sir Philip looks from Kate's honest face
To the earth and sky; but gaining
No aid from their stolid calm, begins
To think it awkward remaining;
So calls her cruel—examines his coat—
Then hopes she is only jesting;
But says farewell, for in garments rent
No wooer feels interesting.

And Kate, her basket filling alone,
Starts, and commences screaming,
When Frank jumps over the hedge, of course
Of his presence so near not dreaming.
And what he pleadeth, and how she lists,
It is not ours to discover—
But is it the berries crimson her cheek,
Or the lip of a happy lover?

L. C.







THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

"Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue;
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument."—CHAPMAN.

[See the Poem.]

the Poem.